

The Harp of Life

by
FREDERICK P. MILLARD

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THE HARP OF LIFE



BY THE SAME AUTHOR—

No Older at Night
Through the Fog
What a Man Goes Through
Practical Visions
Lymphatics
Poliomyelitis

THE HARP OF LIFE

BY
FREDERICK P. MILLARD



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Prelude

MUSIC with its soft cadences, its exquisite harmonies, its thrilling crescendos, what a fitting symbol of life! And music has as yet, no finer interpreter than the first stringed instrument known to man, for even to-day the harp is an instrument of rare and pleasurable quality.

Deftly and gracefully the accomplished harpist manipulates the strings and pedals of his instrument and produces the most colorful and most satisfying melodies. Even so may we, as we profit by the lessons Life would teach us, play our part in the symphony of Life and produce sweet concord and fine harmonies.

If we are in tune, the Master Musician will accord us a worthy place among his players. We will not need to soft pedal our ideas and emotions; they will combine in a harmonious ensemble free from any discordant notes, and as time goes on, our lives, like instruments of fine workmanship, will mellow and soften and give, to the audience of our world, greater pleasure.

Courteous kindness, joyful expectancy,

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friendly devotion, creative thought and fruitful action, an appreciation of Nature's beauties and wonders, and a recognition of the merits of the works of the Great Composer are a few of the beautiful strings upon which we may produce harmonies, but when we strum upon the strings of intolerance, mental and physical indolence, misunderstanding, egoism, pessimism or despotism, we forfeit the coveted place of honor which is the rightful heritage of each player.

When the beautiful notes of the harp come to you in solo or emerge from the concerted melody of the orchestral selection, this thought may be yours: that Life's music may be as beautiful, as soul-satisfying, as uplifting as the harmony which has carried you out of the world of material things into the realm of practical idealism.

Each one of us must play the part assigned him, and if our performance is to be a truly creditable one, we will need a more intensive tuning-up process. We will need to prepare and to rehearse in the privacy of our own deep thought. May some of the reflections written into these essays aid you in that desirable achievement !

The House on the Hill

*Build thee more stately mansions
O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!*

IT was not only a dream of a house, it was a house of dreams come true, a crystallized vision that had been for many years a "Vision Splendid" for a man of big business affairs. He had dreamed of it perched high up on the side of a hill from which at eventide he could glory in the gorgeous colorings of the sunset clouds, and in the morning could thrill with the splendor of the Eastern sky.

It must not be a house merely architecturally perfect—it must be a home and all that implies to those who dwell there, and to those friends who would come and go beneath its welcoming portals. It must be a home with an intellectual atmosphere emanating from all who would tarry there, whether for a short time or for long, for who is there among us from the humblest to the greatest who does not disseminate and absorb knowledge every moment of every

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day, and whether we will or no? It must be a home where those without a home might gather in friendly congenial intimacy that is the outcome of an interchange of ideas, big compelling ideas or mediocre ideas, but the product of thought just the same.

Always in the mind of this man of big business affairs, there was in his dream house a living room of spacious proportions, in fact his vision did not extend far beyond that one room, so fascinated was he by its comfortableness that exuded from every article of furniture—the two capacious Chesterfields whose seductive depths absorbed its occupants, and like the lotus eaters, they were reluctant to bestir themselves further; there were other chairs that invited; there were pictures well-chosen and well-hung; there were harmonious hangings and rugs; there was a radio, the last word in mechanism reaching out for the mystic messages of the air; there were Art treasures from many parts of the world for mine-host was a much-travelled man; there were musical instruments of various kinds and sizes, but in spite of all these, one's eyes were attracted and held by the massive

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

grey stone fire-place occupying the entire end of the room. It was a huge, dominating affair whose wide-open grate could take care of the massive logs that had once been stalwart trees on the side of the hill where now stood the dream house, and the flames with their resinous spurtings and fantastic leapings would lure and hypnotize all who relaxed while they gazed into its molten picture-making. Each one who gazed would see a different picture according to his heart's desire, but all would be satisfied with the story the leaping flames would tell. It was a fire-place, each stone of which was well and truly laid, with cement generously spread between the thick slices of stone that piled one on top of the other, until they merged into the high-raftered ceiling. Recessed above the grate one found ample space for man's best friend—his pipe and tobacco jars—and on either side were trim book cabinets containing many well-bound volumes whose pages bore pencilled evidence of their contents having been read, not superficially, but studied with a sincere desire to grasp the fine points suggested or exemplified by authors, both ancient and modern. There were French windows on

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two sides, through which the sun streamed for the greater part of the day, and from which one could see far over the valley to where a river threaded its way to the parent stream, whose broad expanse one could glimpse through his binoculars on a clear day.

Nature seemed to have conspired to make that outlook a perfect one. She had painted the fields brown and yellow and green; she had arranged her choicest wildflowers as man could never do; she had planted her birches and spruce and cedars and oaks with their varicolored trunks and branches, and she had stationed in them her own orchestra of song birds who flashed their wings of blue and black and gold and scarlet, as they flitted from flower to tree branch, and back again. Nor had she spared her paint brush when it came to the rocks that jutted out jaggedly here and there on the hillside or in the valley below, but had dashed on them her sombre greys and browns and rusty reds and shining whites and amethystine purples. Nature loves to paint. She puts on her colors with lavish hand, but never once does she err in the color combinations she flaunts to the world.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

Some days when storm clouds had passed on, she would sweep an arch across the sky with the six cardinal colors one atop the other; some days she would paint the clouds white, sometimes dark and awesome; some days there would be no clouds at all—only blue, blue sky domed high over the hill-top.

For the motoring friends, a serpentine driveway gave easy access from the valley below, and a fine parking space was allotted beyond the well-kept flower beds where bloomed in riotous profusion, all the old-fashioned flowers and the best of the new ones.

Was it any wonder that our man of big business affairs had an all-consuming desire to make his dream come true? And was he disappointed when, years later, he was able to retire from the field of strenuous activities and betake himself to the house on the side of the hill? Was it true in his case, as it is in so many, that "Anticipation excels realization?" Let us put it on record that he was not in any particular disappointed, in fact, being a student of psychology, he viewed his new environment as but another setting in which to study himself and his friends.

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With characteristic altruism, his chief desire now came to be to share with others the physical and mental uplift to be derived from such congenial surroundings, and with that end in view he conceived and executed a plan for semi-monthly intellectual feasts. So well did his plan succeed that he found himself keenly anticipating these affairs; indeed, they eclipsed, temporarily at least, the deep-seated pleasure he derived from watching the silent birth of a new day, or the sinking of Old Sol at the end of that day, each sunrise and each sunset a jewel in the endless chain of memories. What a wonderful volume each one of us could compile of these memories alone, perhaps uninteresting to anyone but our own little selves, but pregnant with meaning for us!

Our host experienced no difficulty in securing talented men and women to participate in his intellectual feasts, and "feasts" is no misnomer for them—they were veritable orgies of good things for mind and body and soul. He did not have to go to the highways and byways for his guests, they just gravitated there. There were musicians, artists, astronomers, lecturers on every absorbing subject under the sun,

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philosophers, healers of body and mind, economists, dramatists, professional men from every walk of life, and they came gladly, many times from great distances to share with the other guests the knowledge they had gained by research, experiment and study, and shall we say by their psychic sense, whether acknowledged or discredited.

Our host was a "host in himself," if one may be allowed the quip. Good hosts, like poets, are born, not made, and our friend had the happy faculty of making the most diffident guest feel at ease. His few introductory remarks at the beginning of each evening's entertainment and hearty hand-clasp at its conclusion, were synonymous of a "welcome" sign, and nothing perfunctory about it either. Each one was made to feel the all-pervading harmony of the surroundings and thoughts of those who had come together in that haven high up on the hillside, and they experienced, too, the uplift that congenial souls cannot help but feel when they listen to the portrayal of any subject by one who has a deep conviction of the beauty or importance of that which comes first in his thought and study.

Our genial host was not without neigh-

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bors, even on the side of the hill, for farther up one glimpsed a small observatory and a well-built log cabin where dwelt a family with tastes similar to his. Pleasantries had been exchanged which fast ripened into a friendship of a lasting sort, and many evenings he and his party, the personnel of which included men and women lauded in our own country and even in other lands, would wend their way still farther up to what they were pleased to call the "Rejuvenation Centre." Here they became as schoolboys and girls once again, played the games they had so loved in the halcyon days of youth, contested eagerly for first place in spelling matches and debates, and rocked with undisguised merriment at the reminiscences of the host who was a raconteur of unusual merit and humor. They left sham and superfluous dignity and artificiality behind, and realized to their everlasting betterment that "A merry countenance maketh the heart glad."

And so we have come to the end of our story, but the good work is still going on, and will continue to expand as long as there are folk who need knowledge and joy and

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

brotherliness, which will be as long as the hillsides shall stand, a secure foundation for a house of dreams.

Holidays

*Write it on your heart
That every day is the best day of the year.*

HAVE you ever heard a man boasting of how many years it is since he has taken a holiday, and of how little he feels the need of one? He should boast, if his words are true, for he is the exceptional case.

There are folks, of course, who put so little of themselves into their work that they never need draw on their stock of reserve energy, therefore they feel no depletion nor any crying need for a change. That really is a matter of temperament, but the average worker cannot be bound down to a full year's steady grind, and still be efficient. Some of them have all the holidays checked off on their calendar at the first of the year, and they look forward to each one with the keenest pleasure. So long as they do not forget the task on hand, it is well that they have pleasant anticipation.

As our thoughts turn holiday-ward early in the New Year, we long for Easter, the first break in the monotonous sameness, and

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it truly is a rejuvenating period, a time when the world seems to take on a new lease of life, as it emerges from winter's cold garments. Then patriotic and civic holidays follow, and birthdays, anniversaries and church commemorations, and so, here and there throughout the entire year we find the little oases of holiday times that tend to brighten life's pathway, and on each occasion, if we celebrate aright, we get new visions and dream new dreams that help us on our way to success, or to some vantage point for which we are striving.

The real benefit derived from holidays is not so much dependent on the surroundings or the price one is paying, but on the brand of philosophy one takes along with him. "Travel light" is a good slogan when applied to luggage or meals, but not so good when applied to one's mental equipment.

Someone has simplified the holiday business by the expedient of getting up an hour earlier in the morning, and says we who are strong-minded enough to try it, will be amazed at how different the world looks before it is thoroughly awake, and then when it figuratively rubs its eyes and they shine in the glistening dewdrops. It is an inex-

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pensive change, and I can personally recommend its rejuvenating powers.

If we feel so much benefit from one or two days off, it only goes to prove that if we had a sufficient number of relaxation periods, we might accomplish a great deal more than we do under the present system of allocating only set periods in a year. Holiday stimulus should mean a new outlook, and because of the new pictures stored in our memory chamber each year, we should never be found guilty of living a discontented, circumscribed life.

Have you ever listened to a group of young people just returned from holidays, animatedly comparing notes on their coveted two weeks? They have crammed into that precious time all the fun that each day and night could hold, and now they want to live it all over again by talking about it. Their faces brighten because of their pleasures, new friends, new scenes visited, famous places explored, while all the time their minds were wide open to pleasurable impressions. It is impossible to compute the good that they have received. One writer says, "I am willing to do my share of work, but I want my share of

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leisure too—there is enough beauty in the world to enrich the leisure of any man."

That there is a variety in human tastes like to the sands of the seashore, is a most pronounced fact at holiday time. Ask a hundred persons what would please them most in the matter of a holiday, and you will probably have a hundred different answers. No two people could agree on the same pleasure in its entirety, not even in the matter of travel, yet up to a certain point we harmonize sufficiently to have some wonderfully good times together.

Have you ever stood on a pier and studied the facial expressions of those lined up on the deck of an outgoing vessel? Bright eager faces the most of them are, keenly anticipating days or weeks on the floating palace, then new sights and sounds to fill each day full of pleasure and knowledge. The crews of the vessels are probably bored by it all, having done the same thing over and over again, and regard it only as one more trip to be gone through, but the "first-time" for someone always has a never-to-be-forgotten enchantment, whether by water or land.

For celebrities to enjoy a vacation to the

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fullest, they are obliged to go incognito, and travel round as a nobody. Some are not willing to do this, and they pay the penalty of being snapped in all sorts of garbs and positions. If you are a clergyman, turn your collar round and advertise yourself solely by your service and not by your sermons for a while. If you have never had on "plus fours"—put them on and renew your youth. In these days of the pitiless publicity of modern life, it does us a world of good to forget who we are, what we are, and go right out and get in intimate touch with Nature, and bring back youthful days.

I still contend that people should be childish at times, childlike in spirit, because, after all, a child has the best philosophy of anyone in this world for obtaining and retaining thrills, a philosophy that is easily imbibed. A child is almost invariably frank, full of love and faith, perfectly natural, and he possesses a dozen and one qualities that we outgrow as we become associated with people, and take on new duties.

A hearty laugh or a sing-song works wonders in restoring a company of men to a common level of the democracy of child-

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hood. Only a man knows that a man is at his natural best when he is with other men. It is well for men sometimes to take vacations by themselves, (if they would only leave the bottles at home). Many of them leave their wives at home and take along their permits and expect to get the most out of vacation period. They haven't the clear eye of the chap who goes out in the spirit of student days, ever ready to spin yarns and listen to the other fellow's joke, and make the least of discomforts and the most of pleasures, which after all is a relative matter. The fisherman does not envy the white-flannelled tourist; the motorist wants no roof over his head night or day, and persuades himself he doesn't mind insects wherever he finds them; other fastidious souls want more comforts than they have at home; some fear the water trips, others revel in them; some want to mingle with crowds, others want to get far away to open spaces and silence and woodsy odors; but wherever the holiday seeker goes, he feels he has to make the best of new conditions, and so he gets his money's worth, and more. If we just carried this brand of

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philosophy over into stay-at-home periods, what a difference it would make!

I can very well imagine that the country dweller would find this a much easier task than the city man, who all the rest of the year is dependent for his entertainment on mechanical substitutes for Nature's best performances. Duty makes of him a clock-regulated machine. Is it any wonder that an increasing number are going to the outskirts of the city to raise their children and plant their gardens? We predict that the time will come when by means of rapid transportation, excelling anything we have at the present time, it will be possible for a large percentage of city workers to live long distances from their work, and forget it in the evenings while digging in their garden plots. That is the hue and cry of many to-day, who see a real menace in the influx of great numbers to our congested centres. We can readily understand that holiday time means all there is in life to them.

Although it may not seem true to the child who regards any work, especially round home, as a hardship, yet it is proven that just as truly does accomplishment rest us,

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as does play. Workers are like instruments in an orchestra that need to be tuned up every time they are used. No man should start his day's work without tuning up. He should not receive customers or committees, nor sit in at a business conference until he has put himself in the right mental attitude. To simply rush pell-mell to the office and plunge into the day's work without any mental preparation, is certainly a mistake. Very few men can do it and do the work well, and look well while doing it. While on duty, if at all possible you should be in perfect physical trim, except on rare occasions when an emergency breaks your sleep or, through stress and strain in relieving someone's ailment, you have been robbed of your rest, and even then, if you are in perfect physical condition, you will have a storehouse of reserve energy on which you may draw. When holidays come you will receive much more benefit from them and become built up much more quickly than if you have droned through working hours, and through loss of sleep and carelessness have become so run down that you are just too tired to enjoy even a vacation.

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Age may take the keen edge off our enjoyment of holidays, but a holiday is a holiday for all that, and the man or woman who is mentally alert should never tire of the day that gives him time to reflect, while he comes in closer contact with Nature and her wondrous teaching.

To get the most good out of holiday time, we must necessarily plan ahead to put each day to its utmost use. If the holidays of one year have not come up to your fondest hopes, agree to take it philosophically, but strive to make the holidays of the coming year of twice the value. You will find, as life goes on, that these holidays will stand out in your life like stars in a clear sky of a summer night.

It is healthy to have occasional hours of profitable idleness.

The Real Thrill

*He is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from every flower.*

SOMETIMES ago Ralph Waldo Trine gave to the world a book entitled "What All the World is Seeking." The subject matter was presented in a most unusual way, and could not help but do a great amount of good as it was a signpost directing unmistakably.

In this day of changing values there seems to be a greater diversity of opinion than ever, as to what is real and unreal, what are transient things, and what are abiding realities. Certainly the thrill that shocks one's nerves is not the best, nor is constant entertainment of a high-strung order to be sought after, but there is a thrill that is stimulative and energizing and of real value in this world—seek it!

A botanist will thrill at the discovery of some new flower, or leaf or fruit, or a change in the form or color of one he has been experimenting with. The astronomer is thrilled many a time during the year, when he either discovers some new planet

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or some particular data that has been puzzling the minds of fellow sky-watchers for centuries. To him the greatest thrill in life would be to have access to a new and powerful telescope, and sleep would hardly enter his mind or thought until he had satisfied himself with the thrill of viewing the heavens from a more expansive and extensive viewpoint.

Not all who turn their gaze to the skies see beauty, but are like self-sufficient men, whom one writer describes as "looking upward at the spangled sky and seeing nothing there but the reflection of their own wisdom." Keats gives us a graphic idea of a thrill, when he writes, "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swings into his ken."

We cannot all be great astronomers or botanists, or chemical researchers, or fill some great position in this world, but we can thrill ourselves with the pleasantries of life in our daily routine. The man who is in an office can so systematize his work that he may receive a thrill in feeling, at the close of the day, that order has been brought out of what threatened to be chaos,

THE REAL THRILL

and that the system he has installed worked out with a minimum amount of friction.

The man or woman who can reduce friction in this world, in even the most humble forms of work, does not live in vain. Nothing goes along so smoothly but what its working parts may be improved upon, and the task made easier for those who are performing their duties. Smooth work in factory or office, or out-of-doors will make for happy workmen. When friction is reduced to a minimum, both physically and industrially, we will have accomplished one of the big things we now strive for.

If you get a close-up of what constitutes the greatest thrill for some folks, it makes you question their age and mentality. For a person to get his chief thrill from seeing some new motion picture that is a little wilder than a previous one, or a play in which the actors go a bit out of bounds, seems rather juvenile, as out of it all comes no great development in the observer, for he takes no part other than that of a casual looker-on. He is on the outside looking in, and by his up-to-the-minute craving for excitement, has deprived himself of a real thrill. The man who has plunged into his

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particular work or hobby to the extent that he has secured additional information for the human race is the one who really deserves a thrill, and he usually gets it. He is the one who enjoys life to the very highest degree, and stands as witness to the success of application of talent. He has learned how to use the finer forces of life to obtain the deepest thrill.

Perhaps your idea of a real thrill is to have your literary effort accepted; your painting hung in an Art Gallery; to hang out your sign to let the public know you are ready for business; to achieve something outstanding in a physical sense; to be quoted as an authority on some deep subject; to discover something that will boost man's longevity; to invent a labor-saver or a life-saver; or is it just to be loved by little children; to "do noble deeds, not dream them all day long."? Any one of these should bring you the thrill you richly deserve, for ambition is its own reward. "Ambition is an elemental thing in human nature—the master key to mind and soul."

In conclusion, I would say, clear your mental decks, see that your anchor is not

THE REAL THRILL

dragging, avoid cross-currents, and as true
as the sun is shining somewhere overhead,
you will feel a deep thrill in your soul.

Life's Expectations

*May gladness tune Life's Harp anew,
And strike its sweetest Chords for you.*

THE child is not very old when he begins to look forward to being grown-up, when he can dress as he wants to, wash when he wants to, stay up late and never, never have any studying to do. In other words, he is chafing under the restrictions imposed by grown-ups, but he forgets all that when he reaches the longed-for maturity himself, and is prone to be just as despotic as any who have gone before. I often wonder how a child would progress who was left a great deal more to his own devices than is the average child, even to-day, when parents are berated for negligence. If he could avoid contact with pessimists and morons, and could observe only great and wise men and women, while he played at the business of getting grown-up, might not the child-like faith and wisdom more naturally develop a finer character than is evolved by our cut and dried stick-to-the-chalk-line methods of to-day? Perhaps one

LIFE'S EXPECTATIONS

reason why adult age is oftentimes glamourless is because we have been disappointed in humans who have, in our young and pliant days, led us off onto the path unsuited for our individual development, just because it happened to be the pathway it suited them best to travel.

Why have we ceased to revel in the things that sent us into ecstasies when we were children? Why do we no longer hunt for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, or people the sky or the woods with genii of our fantastic imaginings, or make believe we are directing big affairs, while vassals bow before us? Those were the thrilling thoughts that represented our juvenile expectations. As we grow on into middle life, everything can be lifted out of the common-place by our painting it with the rosy hue of child-like imaginings. We cannot say for sure, but we have pretty definite inside information that that is what helps some of our foremost men and women to carry on to-day; that and worship are their twofold inspirational pivots.

Any way you live it, life is like a crossword puzzle, but the trouble is, so few are willing to spend even a half hour a day

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trying to dovetail its perplexities and incongruities, but will spend that time and more in serious cogitation of a puzzle on paper, as though they were expecting some grand prize to be their reward.

Someone will be sure to tell you to expect little, then you will never be disappointed. Have you ever attended a concert that has been highly recommended to you, and been disappointed in it; have you ever taken a trip that a friend had insisted you simply must, and come back wondering why he was so enthusiastic; have you ever listened to a speaker on whose words crowds were hanging, and never been lifted out of yourself, and have you wondered if there was anything wrong with you, that you were continually falling short in the measure of enthusiasm expected of you? With some people life is like that. They are forever taking someone else's opinion of what is wonderful in life, in Nature, in God, and expecting to see through another's eyes, while all the time their own were holden through disuse. Nothing in life will come up to your expectations if you have not the right perspective to behold the

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beauties in all that God has created, through your own mental and spiritual eyes.

The eventual religion of mankind, which will lead up to a millennium, will embrace a finer appreciation of the works of Nature. God is in Nature, in us, and in everything in and about us, therefore, it is for us to revere anything that has been created, in order to lead us to the original Source of all things. We still need teachers with sufficient vision to connect us with Nature and her laws, instead of spending so much time drilling us in the classics written years ago, that, while they are very wonderful in their way as a back-ground for present thinking, do not seem to have a very direct bearing on the vital problems that concern our people in their daily routine to-day. Doing things is better than just reading about them.

I am still waiting for a school for philosophers to be established, in which men with sufficiently broad minds will dwell on higher planes of thought than philosophers have yet done. When this comes into being and proper chartings are made by its practical scholars, we foretell that they will find a race of people seeking for advice and

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gladly following new paths, spurred on by the surer hope of realizing the fond expectations of early life.

Right to-day, what big expectations have you?

Better Days

*No star is lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.*

DO not always think in the present tense. "The past we need not dwell on, the present we always have, the future is so soon our to-day." Perhaps you have retired at night utterly fagged—didn't care what happened next—didn't care whether the sun decided to come up the next morning or not, but it did rise, and with it rose your spirits, and you found yourself ready to be up and at it again. There is something about the early morning that wakens a new determination. The faithful old sun brings out the very best that there is within us, hope is rekindled in our bosoms and we decide that surely the day before us must possess some golden opportunity that will mean for us a better station in life or more congenial surroundings.

Day after day, year after year, the lure of better things is eternally before the human brain—and so it should be, or we would accomplish nothing, as there would

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be no urge for achievement. We would become sickly and diseased, because there would be no tingling in our nerves and blood vessels consequent on the thrill and acceleration that hope gives one.

You have seen evidence of the hope that is strong enough to override bodily defects and enable the handicapped fellows to turn out better work than other men pronounced physically and organically normal. Perhaps they, like children, are getting something out of life that worldly-wise mortals don't know about.

Is it too much to expect that each day present the thrill of buoyant hope, and that every day make us feel as if we had advanced in some marked degree? Do not let that ogre, discouragement, dampen our ardor for a supreme opportunity. "Forget the trouble of yesterday in zeal for the joy of to-day." Make whatever calamity has dulled your day, a whetstone for courage and swear personal allegiance to your highest hope.

The happy person attracts good things, as the flower does the bee. We should be a race of people openly expressing our joy and not afraid of being thought queer if we

B E T T E R D A Y S

indulge freely in song and laughter. It is only when we reach the stage where we mutter and talk to ourselves that we invite suspicion, and even that has the advantage of a one-sided conversation with no one to talk back. It may be some good soul talking himself into the belief that better days are just ahead.

We progress by fumbling, but still we do progress. The lure of "better days" means everything to the youth. It means more to the man of middle age whose life seems so far to have been a "graveyard of high hopes." It means still more to a man of seventy who, having had bad luck, sees nothing but the poorhouse or dependence on friends or relatives staring him in the face.

No one is so absolutely contented with life and its surroundings that he does not hope that better days will come, if not for himself, at least for those stricken down in some manner, or who are longing and praying for better days. Hope is our stimulus for living. It keeps our courage up, and must be one of Nature's great plans for us that we watch for the morning when the "better day" sign will appear. Were it not for the

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mornings in our lives, we would be a decadent people; were it not for the sunrises in our souls, our days would all be gray days devoid of inspiration; were it not for mental sunrises, thoughts would not dawn on us. One lifetime piled upon another is not too long a time in which to perfect one's days, in fact, someone has said, "The unfinished tasks of life are the greatest argument for immortality."

There is a tide in the affairs of man, which
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in misery.

Down on the Farm

*Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:*

HERE must be inspiration in farm life, for so many of the achieving characters in our generation have come from farms, men who were eager to get to the city, and if the sequel were told, are just as eager, in later years, to return to the farm. What is the allurement, what the incentive for so many farm lads to leave fairly comfortable homes and independent living for the cramped living quarters and precarious livelihood of the average city pilgrim? Life on the farm seems to engender a certain spirit of determination, a certain doggedness, a certain adjustability. As a rule it gives as reward, foresight and stability, and while it may not leave much time for the niceties, yet it develops in the right kind of lad certain qualities that city life does not.

It might be well if we all served our apprenticeship in the country. So many men have done so that you cannot go through any large office building, or talk to the men

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in any group or club, without finding out that a goodly number of them were born or raised on the farm. They can tell you of the old swimming hole; of fishing in certain shady pools; of tramping through the woods up hill and down dale, dog at heels and gun over shoulder, during long summer days when perfect freedom to roam and romp did not seem half so desirable as it does now when he is in the thick of competitive business, and is held to it as by tentacles. He feels now that a five-o'clock-in-the-morning call and a hard day in the field would be child's play as compared with the insistent call of modern business and social life.

Memories come to tantalize him with their haunting sights and sounds of the farm home, the woods and the creek that gurgled its way past the fields of waving grain, or grazing cattle cropping off the green grass. Sooner or later these memories get him, and if he is a wise, as well as a successful man, he will hie him to the old home town or village or lonely farm, and talk with the cronies he knew when he was young, and in reliving boyhood scenes he will have recharged his batteries with

DOWN ON THE FARM

energy such as he possessed and boasted of when first he ventured forth from the parental roof.

Perhaps he will go a fishin' and even if he doesn't come home with a string of fish on a birch rod over his shoulder, yet if he is still a wise man he has, in his communion with Nature, made the biggest catch of his life. A keen business man never forgets an experience like that, and if he is as sane as we would like to give him credit for being, he will repeat it at the first opportunity, in fact, he will himself create the opportunity.

Let him go back as a child goes—carefree and open-minded. Let him get away from materialism, get away from the constant necessity of pitting his wits against others as much off-centre as he is, and even he will be incredulous, until he has given it a fair trial, of the amount of good he will receive from one such pilgrimage. It is the best cure for mental deadlock of which I know, giving fresh impetus to a mind gone stale.

The wide sanity of Nature covers everything, but we foolish mortals crucify our natural inclinations and neglect to go "back home" to share in her free gifts.

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Men fail in health after entering business largely because they leave behind them the early-to-rise—early-to-bed habits and other bits of commonsense that they learned down on the farm, as though they were not needed in the new environment, or were not adaptable to it. Association with Nature will strengthen one's vitality, and will make of one's philosophy a beautiful thing, as it were a sturdy tree.

Echoes

*Give to the world
the best that you have,
And the best will
come back to you.*

STANDING on the shore of a beautiful lake in the New England States one evening about sundown, various members of our tourist party took turns at echo rehearsing, testing out the marvelous acoustic qualities for which this spot is noted, and thoroughly enjoying the experience. Just what arrangement there is of the surrounding hills in order to produce and reproduce reverberations so distinct, I am unable to state, but so famed are these vocal boomerangs that everyone who stops at this particular point tries out his "Yoo-Hoo's" and wildcat calls just to see what uncanny effect they produce and how much of the original sound will come ringing back to his ears.

Down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, a tenor singer in our party entertained us for some time in the Echo Chamber of Echo Lake, some three hundred feet below the entrance level.

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In many large buildings with their high raftered domes reaching far up above the comparatively puny spectator, the silence becomes so tense that a pin dropping seems to awaken echoes. This is true of certain points in the Capitol Building at Washington, as many of you know, but not so many have heard and tested the best acoustic arrangement known in this world, as found in Utah, which for almost a century has been the marvel of men.

In the mountains of Switzerland and indeed in every hilly country, where horns of specially penetrating sound are used to call others at long ranges, we find striking examples of freaks in the sound waves that startle animal life as they "set the wild echoes flying." Many weird and fascinating legendary tales have their origin in these same echoes that seem very human at times.

What is there about an echo that fascinates? Is it just because it serves as a mirror for one's vocal efforts, or is it because all unusual phenomena are puzzling to the average mind, therefore, to be tried out on every possible occasion with the ultimate hope of solving the mystery? Whatever it is and wherever it is, we find children as

E C H O E S

well as grown-ups all love to try it out, and are sometimes pleased, sometimes startled by their words or laughter that come bounding back over lake and hillside, or from wall and tower and lofty spaces.

Such is life, you will say. Those with whom we associate are represented by those objects in Nature which deflect and in so doing distort sound, just as all about us are people that catch our ideas, as expressed in our actions and words, in our laughter and in our weeping, and invariably distort them before they get back to us. Bereft of the smile that accompanied and tempered our original statement, it sounds badly, and yet the words are exactly the same, just as true to the original as are the hollow-sounding words, and the sardonic laughter that are chorused back from the echoing hillside or tower.

A speaker expresses miscreant ideas; they boom out to all listening minds, and what a furore comes back to him! All the cumulative forces of that echo will some day, as surely as there is a governing law, come back again into the life from which it emanated. All that we say and do echoes and re-echoes in our own lives first or last.

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You may think that what you say in the presence of a child has evaporated into thin air, and will remain there just because you do not see an immediate exposition of results, but time takes care of all things, and in the young life you will later on see the echo of what you have said and done. Rather an ominous thought at times, is it not?

Just as man's voice can travel many places where man cannot, so can his influence reach out, as an envoy, by personal touch or by proxy to the very fastnesses of the earth, and who knows but what the echo may resound all through the ages yet to be! Nature has no more impressive phenomena than that, but unlike the intricate mysteries of echoing sound waves, it is not dependent on external arrangements, which may be the reason we do not realize its true significance nor carrying qualities.

If just this one little bit of philosophy will have found an echo in your heart, that is well.

“Wait for Me”

*There is no philosophy by which
a man can do a thing when he thinks
he can't.*

FROM the time when a baby is left by its mother for a few moments, to almost any period in life when he is unable to locate the one upon whom he depends, he is ready to cry, “Wait for me!”

The small child calls it to his playmates as he runs along to school, or enters into childish games; the youth feels his dependence on others of his own age; the middle-aged man wants some one to minister to his needs and wants (perhaps more often the latter), and aged folk are happiest when they pass to the Great Beyond together.

Why this dependence in our natures? Why have our parents neglected the part of our upbringing that would have put us absolutely on our own? Perhaps because, to the average parent, the dependence of his children is a very sweet thing in his life. It makes life seem more worth while to

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have someone looking to you for help and guidance, in fact that is the great incentive for many discouraged folk to carry on.

But what of the unreliant one? One little tot separated from mother in a big store recently either had training or temperament or a bit of philosophy in his childish make-up, for he would not allow the tears to come, but how he did welcome the sight of mother whom a kind lady located for him! That little chap has something that will help him when the bumps of life bid fair to knock him off his feet, as they will many a time.

One of my chief pleasures in reading autobiographies is to note how early the majority of great men started in life, usually after the loss of father or guardian, to make their own way, without any whimpering. The person who is always ready to cry, "Wait for me!" has some very great problems ahead of him. It means that if the other person upon whom he depends should ever be taken away, immediately he succumbs to the blasting effect of trials and tribulations rather than rising to the occasion. Of course there are many brilliant exceptions to this rule, where adversity has been

WAIT FOR ME

met courageously, which the harassed one never dreamed he could do if put to the test. He had heretofore called "Wait for me!" now he was ready to forge ahead on his own, because he had seen the futility of lagging.

Everyone, no matter what his financial backing, should equip himself for independence by turning his hand to many things, or to one special thing. The resourceful girl who can do "almost anything" has one of the essentials for good wifehood and motherhood.

There never was an age when such resourcefulness and independence was shown by young people as to-day. So few are willing to be idle for a moment, whether at work or play, and there are fewer and fewer of the "Wait for me" variety. That surely augurs well for future generations, if counterbalanced by sane judgment and wide tolerance.

Pass It On

*Give what you have,
To someone it may be better
than you dare to think.*

To keep hermetically sealed in your own mind the good thoughts that you have read, is to be guilty of a very miserly act. Perhaps you find it difficult to remember them, and as an aid let me suggest that you keep your check pencil handy and mark on the margin what you think is worth while, and then pass the book along and let somebody else mark his choice with a different sign and you will find it intensely interesting comparing these. I seldom lend a book without asking the person to please mark the passages that appeal to him, and then a hasty glance over the book gives me a pretty fair idea of what that person really likes in literature, and what his philosophy of life is. It does not spoil a book to have it marked, it only makes it seem more a part of one's own thoughts, more personal, more human.

I say make good use of your books, as

PASS IT ON

you go; mark them up; pass them along. Your favourites are doubtless well thumb-marked by this time, but the number of books that you want to read the second time is negligible, and someone else should have a chance.

Whether you are a professional man or a mechanician, you will know that books dealing with your line of work soon go out of date. You may be surprised to know that a physiology that is up-to-date at the present time and used as an authentic text will be revised and changed within five years in respect to a number of things, and that a treatise on medicine, outside of being a curiosity ten years after its issuance from the press, is of little other value.

For instance, at one time it was considered wrong to give water to a fevered patient. I well remember having fever when a lad and although the doctor absolutely forbade the giving of any water for hours, I nearly drank the pitcher dry when mother left the room, and the next day I was sitting up. It did seem that Nature would not call so insistently without knowing what she was about. You probably would not think of giving a pickle to a

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patient with diphtheria, but it was the means of saving one boy's life before the days of antitoxin for it loosened the membrane of his throat and he coughed it up, and is very much alive at the present time to corroborate this story. Now someone has made a discovery that is an improvement on the pickle, and has passed it on. Scores of men and women giving their lives to research work are doing it every day. Always, always something is being created, copyrighted or patented and passed on. It is the only way we can progress, that we know of.

Someone is inspired to create a new song, and within a few weeks' time the whole world is humming it. Someone writes a book, and soon after it is reviewed it is read and talked over by millions of people. That is a fine thing, if the book is wholesome and thoughtful. Keep on with the good work of interchanging of ideas, I say. Give them out as fast as you possibly can, and you will find that, like the widow's cruse of oil, more thoughts come rushing in, replacing old and worn-out ones. But first be sure that the thoughts and ideas you pass on are worth while, because a poor one

PASS IT ON

travels just as rapidly as a good thought, and seems to cut a wider swath.

If you have had a kindness shown
Pass it on.

'Twas not meant for you alone
Pass it on.

The eternal cycle must go on complete and uninterrupted, as it does in Nature's realm, and we must not be obstructionists of so fine a work, if we would realize our high commission and the joy of attaining to it.

Ready Money

*Frugality is good, if
Liberality be joined with it.*

MONEY is good only as it is used wisely and unselfishly but despite this there are still any number of hoarders who would and do barter their souls for coin of the realm. Recently in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world, the character of a man who was practically a recluse before he died a few years ago, was very much exposed when a stick of dynamite unexpectedly blew open his buried safe which was found to contain over two hundred thousand dollars in cash and bonds and this is estimated as being only about one quarter of what he really possessed. Before his demise, neighbors had noticed that his curtains were closely drawn for days at a time while the old miser was evidently gloating over his great hoard. What a miserably cramped existence he must have had, with only currency to companion with! Were it possible to unearth all such treasures buried on land and the vast treasures

READY MONEY

in "Davy's Locker" at the bottom of the sea, there would be sufficient funds and to spare, to comfort all who are in dire distress the world over, which is one of the really worthwhile uses of money.

I daresay the miserable miser had no eyes for the horizon or the hills that stand on guard in that wonderful valley. Sunrise and sunset meant nothing to him, blue skies were no inspiration to his warped vision. Blue waters that stretched out before him in the ribbon-like lake teeming with countless fishes, called forth no word of thanksgiving other than that he might satisfy his appetite occasionally by a little fishing. The tingle of money streaming through his fingers was sweeter music in his ears than the morning songs of his bird neighbors. He did not really know what it meant to be alive.

Do we, do those about us? As you walk down any street in any city, do you conjecture as to the lives and thoughts of the inhabitants in the dwellings you pass? "If we could read their secret history, we would find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility," and why? Just because people as yet do

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not know how to live. They do not get rich treasure trove from each twenty-four hours as they might. A day and a night mean nothing more to them than a space of time. They live in such a way that mental astigmatism results. They certainly are afflicted with aberration which stunts development and hazes their outlook.

In direct contrast to them is one happy family whom it is my good fortune to know. These wise folk are just determined to be content and thankful no matter what comes or goes, knowing that contentment is above the price of rubies. They know that, come what may, they always have one Source of true wealth. We see striking examples of this in people who possess optimism even though they have no ready money since they are encompassed by a faith that cannot be shaken, a faith that takes them "through all the changing scenes of life," the color of which scenes so often hinges on a financial situation either public or private.

It is an easy matter for one lacking prudence to so invest his income or surplusage that he has not sufficient ready money to carry on in his everyday affairs. Others

READY MONEY

arbitrarily dissipate their resources when the money flows in freely and going on the principle of "easy come, easy go" distribute their largess with lavish hand. Possibly fortune's wheel does not again spin in their direction, and they are left stranded high and dry with no specious claim to our sympathy or cash.

No better lesson for such improvident folk was ever taught than that in the good Book with reference to the seven fat and the seven lean kine. The years of plenty do come round and wise is the man who will take advantage of the situation and lay by carefully in case some accident may befall him or fortune may not again favor him to the same extent.

Almost anyone would have sufficient ready cash for any normal occasion if he were not duped by the agencies of greed in the field of wild-cat speculation. On looking back over his life the average man will have to admit that if he had but placed his investments in a savings account instead of what turned out to be nefarious schemes, he would to-day have a tidy little sum laid by for his emergency.

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Recently I asked a friend, a broker who conducts a large downtown office if he thought the average speculator is ahead of the game after twenty years of activity. He at once replied that about ninety per cent are not. However it seems that each man must find out for himself; he will not take the advice of others at par and the first thing he knows someone has tempted him during a period of financial inflation, to buy stocks or place a bet. Perhaps he loses a few hundred dollars here and there, amounting in the aggregate to a considerable sum which, if placed in a savings account, would have brought him in substantial interest as well as making the principal secure for a time in his life when money was less easily obtained. He is a *rara avis* who knows when to stop in the speculative world, who uses his own "direct-control" method to avoid a cataclysm.

A few years ago, a young man who was running an elevator in one of our office buildings, told me that at one time when he was in the West, money meant so little to him that he gave away twenty-dollar gold pieces to his friends just for souvenirs. He said, "Now one hundred dollars would

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mean to me just enough to pay some little debts and square myself with the world, but each week it takes all my wages just to keep things going," and he regretfully added that he only wished he could live his life over again. So say we all! I suggested to him that "each day is a new beginning" and that his present knowledge and salary might yet mean more in his life than did his opulence when he gave no thought to the money that passed through his hands nor to its source. Such crass carelessness inevitably begets regrets but they are useless unless one waves the magic wand of "another opportunity" over the better impulses they engender. Opportunity is always knocking. We need only to have more faith and more optimism and start all over again.

Not even those who have made a study of the subject of economics are immune from the get-rich-quick germ and we find them investing no more wisely than their fellows. The few hundred dollars that might have formed a splendid nest egg, suddenly disappears and they are left with no reserve for an emergency. It is so foolish to tie oneself up to the extent that life becomes burdensome but nine-tenths of the populace

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are doing that very thing. As soon as they have tucked away a little savings they begin to look around for something to invest it in that will bring them quick returns, the quicker the better. This idea of speedy compound interest is the ruination of most investors as any good banker will tell you who knows that above a certain rate of interest you are taking a very great chance indeed.

The few who buy stocks at the right time and sell at the right time are far outclassed by those who do neither, and suffer financial reverses because they scout the idea of luck. It may not be a matter of luck but some men seem to know how to handle the stock market to their advantage, how to invoke success and occasionally you do see a chap of whom it is said, "Everything he touches turns to gold." You had better first determine whether or not you are in his class before you sink your savings or salary in the quicksands of the marketplace.

Quite frequently we hear of artists formerly renowned, who are dying in poverty and want. Once they were the idols of the country. They played to large audiences or sang their way around the world. Buoyed

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up by the magnetic idea of continuous prosperity and laudation, they had not seen the wisdom of making provision for a rainy day. We need more than umbrellas for rainy days but it is really not the rain of financial ill-luck that affects us most and does the greatest damage; it is one's mental censoriousness that crushes when one feels remorse for his own short-sightedness.

The axiom that "It is unwise to put all one's eggs in one basket" is often refuted by the man who has disproved it in practice and has become a captain of industry thereby, but he must have had an especially keen, analytical mind and been absolutely on the alert in all of his schemes in order to arrive. The fate of others who have put a little here and a little there is often no more pleasant a story than that of him who has his all in one lump sum. What we have we would like to hold, but don't always go the right way about it. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" and the woods are full of scattered fortunes as elusive as the wariest bird.

In spite of the aversion of the average boy to advice of any kind, he really needs someone to guide and instruct him until he

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has an understanding of economic values, for just as it is wise for a business firm to consult with a Board of Directors, so is it expedient for our boys to ask advice from someone who has gained mature judgment. This is only logic and sound commonsense that would help them to avoid the pitfalls of misrepresentation. On the other hand they should learn that not all who indulge in platitudes and wonderful phraseology are fitted for an advisorship. No man should give out advice who is not an artist in his own line of work. Sometimes we overlook that simple point. Advice seems cheap and is readily handed out and too often accepted on the same basis.

Just a little more alertness and farsightedness on the part of all would make for financial independence, providing of course that they start out and finish up with the idea that they will always keep available reserve on tap, against the time when they or others may be up against the inflexible wall of circumstance.

If you want to be rich—Give
If you want to be poor—Grasp
If you want abundance—Scatter
If you want to be needy—Hoard.

Workmen's Philosophy

*Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can and not presume
To fret, because it is little.*

A SIMPLE philosophy for the toiler is a philosophy for all. Read biographies for your inspiration. The men who have come up from the ranks of the working class are they who have evolved such a philosophy, and have been inspired to do great things simply, knowing that simplicity does not necessarily mean going without things, but rather, the proper use of them. Theory enters into the realm of every known profession, and radiates out into all of the various doings of mankind, but that is not the only thing the practical every-day reader looks for when he selects and pays his hard-earned money for a book. We look forward to a time when someone will write a book on philosophy that will appeal to the man who "goes to work" and has little time to read books or money to purchase them unless they exactly fill a need in his life. Some day such a book will be written,

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but at this time we will merely outline a few of the salient points which we consider of interest to the man who toils for a living. We cannot expect the busy tradesman or workman to become absorbed in a book on philosophy or psychology, as discussed by various authors in their books even of modern times, but none of them but what can find time, if so inclined, to read and mentally digest an essay on these subjects when they are presented in a sensible, concise and understanding way. The discussions resulting from such reading would no doubt be a revelation to many who consider themselves intellectual high-brows.

There was a time when in a certain country the men in the market place, or in the streets, sat and discussed some of the weightiest problems that have ever been thought out, and their findings are as valuable to-day as they were centuries ago. Apparently they counted it worth while to allot sufficient time for thoughtful contemplation and for leisure, and since everything moves in cycles, some day in the not too distant future we may reasonably expect to find that certain socialistic problems puzzling us to-day, are solved, because man has

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supplanted his modern idea of haste with one of leisure for thinking and reading. Peter MacArthur says, "By devoting all our time and energy to work, we leave no time for living," and further he says, "If somehow everybody had some little personal job to attend to, I incline to think that it would do more to real humanity than all the windy schemes that are being blown around the world. The world is over-organized. What we seem to need is more work that is merely man size. We are having too much mob psychology and too little individual initiative."

Undoubtedly there are many people who, in spite of union organizations, have too much work to do for long hours at a stretch, in order that a few may have greater hours of idleness, and just how to make an equitable adjustment of this mutually unwholesome condition is absorbing the time and thought of some of our keenest brain power to-day.

Occasionally there flashes upon the scene a man who is hailed by the toiling populace as a mental saviour, one who apparently is going to do wonderful things, solve great problems and give a decided impetus to the life of the middle-man. The stage is all

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set, the eager audience ready. Act One promises well, and applause is not lacking for the great leading man, but when Act Two is introduced things are not so good, and the onlookers, quick to sense a falling-off, are obliged to admit their hero's mental reservations and constrictions (whether for personal reasons we can only suppose), and on through the play there is a toning down and a dimming of the intellectual lights, and once more the audience is out in the cold, no nearer the great adjustment which they had fondly hoped would be the natural outcome of great leadership.

Many a politician in the flush of early enthusiasm really believes that he is going to solve the problems of the constituents of his particular community. Sometimes he does bring in needed improvements, and we realize their value only by the increase in tax rate. It is not the expenditure of vast monies that is needed to bring about the changes most desired by our working men. It is a recognition of the proper value of their lives and their labor. The workman wants to feel that his work, even though menial in character, and not permitting him sometimes even the comforts, is of just

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as much value to the human race as that of the man who lives by manipulation of stock, or who controls a monopoly in the luxuries or necessities of those whose share in the world's tasks is infinitesimal.

Reformations come only at widely separate periods in the world's history. Of the millions who have lived since history was first recorded, only a very small brochure would be needed to record the names of every outstanding genius in business or art who was a world-benefactor. The vast majority will always be content to be led, but we venture to say many a would-be hero and great man has lived and died a follower, only because nothing in which he had ever engaged had called for more than mediocre effort. Many a working-man's psychology (whether he names it that or not) calls for no special effort since he is not paid for it, and he does not want an undeserving superior to reap the benefit that he thinks he himself deserves, and he has not thought it out far enough to know that the effort and accomplishment may change his whole after-life. Isn't it human nature always to hope for something better?

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It should be human nature to work for it too.

While the present generation, and many to come, may not be able to become attuned sufficiently to draw from the great mental storehouse, ideas that will simplify world matters, yet we do believe that it is possible, and that some day Nature will be unfolded in a great schematic scene, as clearly as the botanist sees his little part of it with the use of his powerful microscope. There is a possibility that concentration along this particular line, by a group of men given perfect freedom and absolute protection, would work out some of the reforms that are most needed at the present time, and that many of our toilers would be eligible for membership in the group chosen for this worthwhile task. But one of our country philosophers writes, "Before we can have any worthy reforms, we must have a year of jubilee to enable the laborers to rid their systems of the clogging toxins of too hard toil."

The psychology of the workman must needs include good health and an optimistic spirit, which seem to go hand-in-hand and make for efficiency. Millions of money do

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not insure good health. The way to it is as open to the toiler as to the wealthy idler, in fact the former's chances are fifty per cent in advance. As Peter MacArthur says, "There is nothing that money can buy or power command that is equal to the wealth of serene happiness that Nature places within our reach."

Servants as Judges

*Such was the rule of life!
I worked my best,
Subject to ultimate judgment,
God's, not man's.*

WHILE it is a fact that we are all servants in some regard or other, yet the usual conception of that term is one who is paid a remuneration to serve another who has money or position, or both, enabling him to be classed as an employer. On first thought, you would probably say that a servant was incapable of introspective judgment, but I believe before we finish, you will agree that some of the keenest judges in this world are to be found among the class of people we refer to as servants. Just because a man is ostensibly a servant does not necessarily signify that he is precluded from the realm of deep thinking and discernment, does it?

Let us first picture the scene in a dining-room of a big hotel, where you are being served by an obsequious waiter, or he is seemingly that. You may think of him as

SERVANTS AS JUDGES

having only medium or minor intelligence, but even an ordinary waiter, regardless of his education, will size you up almost instantly, and classify you according to the comparative lists that he has obtained through experience in his particular work. You will be rated by him according to the way you are dressed, your poise at the table, the manner in which you give your order, and your selective ability. All through the dinner hour that waiter is making mental notes, and by the time you have finished your meal he will "have your number", to use a very expressive modern phrase. You may think that you can do as you please, eat as you please, entertain whom you will, and when you will, and so you can—that is your prerogative—but remember you are as much in the spotlight in that dining-room as is the artist on the stage.

It may make no difference what a waiter thinks, in fact we are not concerned with that point in particular, but we do claim that he is an artist in his particular line of work, and in the finer job of differentiating, and that if it were possible to read his mind, and follow out his reasonings leading to what seems to him a logical surmise, that

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the most self-complacent of us would have our conceptions rudely jostled.

He knows, and we know, that there is a wealth of information to be gleaned from observing diners. Some eat avidly—a flagrant violation of table manners—some are just naturally ungraceful, while others have a fastidiousness and perfection quite evidently of long standing, for it is next to impossible to change one's style completely in grown-up years and present a polished appearance, according to set standards, unless one has begun at the beginning of things or one's parents have.

Very few dining in a public place know exactly what they want, nor are they good judges when the desired article is set before them. They puzzle over a menu card, deep in a quandary as to what to order for their delectation, as though it were one of the vital problems of the times, when just a word of suggestion from the deferential waiter, who is really a connoisseur in the selection of food stuffs, would start the party off happily. Especially is this so when the genial host is trying sincerely to satisfy the diverse tastes of those gathered round his festive board, with thoughts only for

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the externals of life, the fleshpots, as it were. We would not hesitate to say that the waiter's snap judgment has tinged the suggestions that he makes for relief of the host's embarrassment. All the time that the party is being served that shrewd judging continues, either subconsciously or deliberately, and one can imagine that even such apparently minor things, as the quality of the voice and the rhetoric employed, are factors entering into that "sizing up." A whole volume could be written about voices in a dining place, for it is there, under the stimulating influence of food and drink and congenial companionship that the well-modulated voice becomes strident, the pleasing voice becomes raucous, the reserved guest becomes loquacious, and the conversation of the monosyllabic one flows on like a babbling brook.

It is said, "No man is a hero to his valet", and yet how often we see this disproved by that other, which says, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," when the one in service plays the role of master to another whose position or will power may be somewhat inferior to his own. He imitates his master

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to the minutest detail, and would not deign to let the object of his bit of by-play know that his composure is assumed only for the occasion. He has passed judgment on the one whom he serves, and has found him worthy of imitation, and even if it is incompatible with his own position, he apes him, sometimes unconsciously, so strong is the power of suggestion. He will take up cudgels on his employer's behalf; he assumes a proprietary air in connection with the other's family and business affairs, and will painstakingly attend to those affairs, at least the servant will who is worthy the appellation "faithful employee."

All shoppers are under surveillance too, and what a host of characteristics must be listed in the judging done by the employees in our big stores! As these clerks assiduously administer to our wants, or attempt to, they are making mental notes, and don't ever believe that they are so obtuse as not to detect that we are despotic or supercilious or tawdry underneath our suave veneer, if we are that. In ways known only to themselves, they know the texture of the cloak that hides our real selves, and what a bedlam of good and bad they must see in the best

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and the worst of us! Their philosophy includes this thought that "One of the marks of greatness is accessibility," and that the big man does not exact servitude from his employees, does not want them to cringe in his presence, but to feel free to elicit from him any information desired. Employers will often not countenance in their employees what they do themselves, but surely they are wise enough to know that one of the great principles of executive management is to show men you have faith in them, if you would engender in them a measure of faith in yourself.

Why should not opportunity be given for the development of any individual? The number of so-called nonentities would then be cut in two, we venture to say. Some fear that such a new order of things would mean that the world's affairs would go all askew, but much better for world's progressiveness, if we were not forced into grooves and standardized into types. Someone has said, "A city hammers and polishes its denizens into a defined model; it worships standardization," and so it would seem.

Do you still demur at the thought of servants or employees as competent judges?

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As we said before, we are each servant to someone else or to our own ambitions or desires. "As long as we differ in ability, the results of ability will differ"; then it is entirely up to us to so perfect ourselves that our abilities will place us well in the lead, and that no loophole be left for withering criticism to drag us back.

Every Man on the Job

A man must invest himself near at hand and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return.

HERE was a time when every man prided himself on being an all-round man—a “jack-of-all-trades”—but in this day of specialization it takes a very resourceful man to be really proficient at more than one thing. He may have a hobby that is profitable—a task that runs parallel to his work, but outside of this he is kept so busy keeping sufficiently conversant with the advancing ideas of his trade or profession that he has little time for aught else.

Competition serves as a sharpener, and the world must progress. It would be as difficult for us to imagine ourselves transplanted into a century hence as to picture us living with only the meagre equipment with which our forefathers carried on a century back. The inventions in each decade of this century are so astounding and are put to such varied and practical use that

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we could hardly imagine that we could get along without modern instruments, utensils and vehicles. Just how wonderful the twenty-first century will be, the most of us can only surmise, while others who possess projectile minds, forecast seemingly miraculous things that savor of truth and somewhat prepare us for the wonders that do come along in due season.

Years ago, when someone predicted the steam-engine, and another the aeroplane, an incredulous public thought they were "seeing things," and when the first man discovered a new world under his microscope, his whole story of bacteria and micro-organisms was discredited. To-day, we are told there are fairies floating in the air, that they have actually been photographed. This may be true. Why discredit anything just because we cannot understand it? Personally, I hope it is true. We are coming to believe that everything that exists in the various kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral, has life or motion of some sort, and sometime it may be proven that even the flowers have nerves and souls.

The fact that a man's belief is an uncom-

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plicated one, makes it none the less satisfying to him, and wise is the critic who will make least comment until he is posted on the details. We have reached a point where we just silently gasp, and believe when we read of the most astounding inventions and predictions made by men who are "on the job."

Each year astronomers announce the charting of some new star of surprising magnitude, and then, being ever on the alert they peer a little further and tell us that far beyond the most remote planets and orbs, there exist still greater luminaries. We are quite sure there is heat from the sun, but are not sufficiently posted to know whether or not any other planet is inhabited and receiving its quota from the same source, nor need it concern us. There are more urgent things than that needing our anxious thought. In discussion on this and other topics, some enthusiasts will argue matters so heatedly that they almost come to blows when all the time they must know that the majority of problems can never be fully solved by our finite minds, and probably should not be tampered with until

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minor observations will have paved the way.

"The needle of merit is often lost in the haystack of unreasonableness." We may so burden our minds with the details of some creed or political situation that we forget we are fundamentally correct if we just practise the Golden Rule. We have worked ourselves up to a state of complexity that is futile and worse, in its cumbousomeness. To unravel the "red tape" in any organization, commonsense is often thrust to one side and rulings are made, not from the point of justice always, but according to the existing political situation. "The hot bigotry of various schools of thought, has made wordly wisdom impatient of students." Have you noticed "the more religion a man has, the less he quarrels about it?"

One feature of each man's job in this world is to keep his head level. Remember we are placed here for some definite purpose, and that each of us can do some one thing that no one else can do. This cannot be emphasized too often. To drift through life, always an evasive worker, flitting here and there, supinely trying one thing and

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then another, is a grievous mistake. It takes concentration, not sporadic effort, to become a master mind. Even one-half hour each day in careful study of some one subject will, in time, enable a man to speak and act with authority and conviction. Everyone knows this for a fact, and yet there are hundreds of thousands who do not know much more about the science of their job at the end of a year's time than when they first took it on. "The world can always use the man who will essay a hard task."

A man in a lumber camp may hew logs for a lifetime, and know practically no more about his job when he leaves this world than when he came into it. Another man will start in and do the same work as the first man, and yet add to his knowledge day by day until he understands, not only the conservation and formation of the trees, but everything about the placing of wood in the small and great structures of the world. It is only a few years until that man with the investigating and acquisitive mind will be out of the lumber camp and assisting in the designing and erecting of wonderful buildings, thus adding to the architectural beauty of towns and cities

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where his workmanship has been in demand. It is to his everlasting credit that he has gotten into step in the march of progress.

Let us presuppose that each man will, in future, strive to become an authority on one subject. Can you picture the marked improvement there would be in world affairs? If every man were on the job and master of his subject, we would have in every town and city, perfect works of art, every building would be a pleasure to look at, all pictures in the galleries would be lovely to behold, and each would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had lived up to what was really intended of mankind, each endowed with brains capable of making him a master mind, if he but uses them.

If one gets beyond his job, without a clear plan ahead, he will find that "dissipating one's mental energies brings drouth and ruination", both physically and mentally. If a man but knew it, it pays him to stick to his own job, until he has actually mastered another. When he first attempts another man's job, he usually bungles it. The same applies to some of the fair sex who essay masculine tasks. A woman may think that

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she can paper her home, many do it well, but others who have bungled, have to live with the nightmare on the walls until it fades or wears out, a tragic object lesson to the would-be decorator! Then too, it deprives the regular workman of a job, while, if each stuck to his own line of work, that man would have plenty of employment and opportunity of perfecting himself, which only practice brings.

I presume you are all acquainted with professional men who will not drive their own cars, change a tire, do any garden or furnace work, and although the good wife may skeptically regard it as an alibi, yet the truth of the matter is that in their work it is absolutely essential that the hands be kept in good condition, as well as the rest of the body. It is but one detail in the efficiency they strive for, that they might enlist with the man of whom it was said, "He keeps his place, and he fills his place."

A few years ago, many men made a fairly substantial living by attending to furnaces which kept them busy in the winter, and during the summer they would do gardening, but since the war many people, as a matter of economy, do their own furnace

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work and other home tasks, therefore, we have numberless men out of employment. It may be true that our native men are not willing to do small jobs any more, but many of them have no compunction about standing in the breadline, have they? Surely a man with any spirit of manhood in him at all, and any reasonable degree of health should never be caught more than once in any bread line.

Is there not something radically wrong with the texture of our social fabric that there is need for bread lines? There should be a job for every man if the tasks needing to be done were set on foot.

Find your right groove, stick to your task and do it well! Be pardonably proud of yourself when you accomplish great things—it begets confidence. Most of all, remember your mental endowment and its source.

Health En Route

*The art of living right may yet be
recognized as the only great art, the
one to which all the other arts minister.*

TAKING it for granted that one part of the body is as sacred as another, we approach a discussion of it with but one thought in mind—that we each possess a body machine so delicately constructed that its finest senses would seem to be in tune with unseen angels, and yet so marvellous a piece of mechanism is it that even when we have misshapened it by strain, undue exertion or over-exposure, it does not fail us completely until the time to pass on has struck for us.

Of necessity one's writings on this subject are abridged, for the time is yet to come when the first man will come forward and claim that he has sufficient knowledge to create or even improve on this masterpiece as created. It is only recently that anyone has tried to popularize the subject of anatomy or physiology, although there are any number of text books in existence dealing

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with the body, from a technical standpoint. A writer who hopes to have a host of interested readers, should use only such terms as a layman could understand, although knowing full well that it is a much more difficult task to write simply, on a technical subject, than to swing out into the field of correct terms, where one can use words that express concisely what would require a paragraph of explanation for the layman. For instance, to a physician the term "vasomotor control" signifies a set of nerves that are connected with the vascular mechanism of the human body. To explain the full significance to a layman would take a number of pages at least, and then he probably would not grasp the full meaning of it all.

We have in every town and city expert plumbers who are familiar with all the laws regulating the flow of liquids, pressures, valves, the amount of stress on certain parts, tests for leakages, the importance of the drainage system, the intakes, filtering processes and the clearance of sediment necessary to mechanical perfection. I have often wondered why a plumber did not study physiology as a ground-work for further technical study. Possibly some have.

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Bridge builders who have done so, tell us that there is no more perfect arch work found, than that demonstrated in the human foot; that were it possible to understand and copy the attachment and arrangement of parts and to determine the degrees of stress placed upon the numerous ligamentous fibres that bind the bones of the foot together, allowing for flexibility, expansion and recoil, that a perfect bridge could be built with only a minimum amount of material and labor. We have learned, from observing the spider, some of the great laws that are connected with geometry, bridge building and even strategy, but I fear it will be many a century before man will have solved the intricacies of the arch support.

The marvellous construction of the bony work in the dome of the skull is partially exemplified in the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, which is almost without any visible support, and these are only two out of a possible thousand instances where laws of mechanics have profited by anatomical study. We must approach the subject with veneration, which

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will go far towards simplifying what at first seems very complex.

The learned men of India who sometimes come to our shores to teach our people how to live long, and who claim to hold the secrets of youth, very often succumb to the sapping influences of our civilization, and forget the very teachings that they have come here to impart to others. If they have a practical message, we need it. If there were one single rule that could be applied at any cost that would enable a man to live to be one hundred and still retain his faculties, no distance would be too great for him to travel in pursuit of the secret, and yet just because we have the secret within us which requires only self-application and some sacrifice, we will not interpret it nor sacrifice one iota of our "good times."

Exercising one's own will power in this regard means, to the majority of people, the elimination of friendly intercourse, but why should it? Rather it is a matter of arrangement of schedule. We admit it may take a long time for the human race to divide the day of twenty-four hours into its proper component parts as Nature eternally indicates, and modern inventions seem to

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be accelerating us away from that goal rather than towards it. This is the kindergarten lesson we should learn from the sun. It rises—that means for us “get up and get busy.” All day it shines steadily whether discernible or not—that means “do your share of the work of brightening up.” After a twilight period it sinks beyond the horizon—and that should mean “quiet down and mentally prepare yourself for sleep.” How many of us have ever regulated our days by this bona fide lesson? It seems next to impossible to get people to go directly home and to bed after an evening’s entertainment. They must have one more thrill—their dessert on top of a full meal, as it were. We have no grievance against entertainments, but against the orgies that so often follow them. Had you ever connected up the thought of the body incapacity in winter time with these orgies, or did you ever think that spring fever may be traced back to them?

We say to a friend, “You have wintered well”—meaning he shows the result of the commonsense he has exercised. To sit in at a card game night after night, where everyone is smoking, means that one is sub-

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jecting himself to a vitiated air supply. Some people can do it without ill-effects; many love to do it whether the effect is ill or nil, but along about the middle of winter you will note the lack of color in cheeks and ears, and you know then that these people have not been sufficiently oxygenated. An abundance of oxygen breathed through a nose that is not full of spurs, adenoids, and congested membranes will help materially to bring one to the springtime period with that buoyancy that he possessed in the Fall. Spring fever is a Macedonian call from the great out-of-doors. It means that the victim has been housed too closely and has neglected the systematic exercises and the deep breathing that were an essential part of his vacation program, or home activities in the good summer time.

Arctic explorers claim that they never take cold when in the icy regions, but when they return to civilized parts they are susceptible to colds at once. The body resistance of any of us is impaired by our housing problems. Many sleep within four walls, hermetically sealed, and the outcome is not a surprise. Gypsies appear to be a healthy people, in most cases living to be

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very old, and the one thing in their favor would seem to be that they live out-of-doors with sleeping quarters domed by the starry skies. On the other hand, we find people well advanced in years who, for a long time, have been confined to their homes, perhaps ill-ventilated and cheerless. Their longevity may be due to the fact that there is no great demand put upon the body nor upon the mind. People who are obliged to be active, and who wish to be their very best for all occasions, see to it that their homes are well ventilated, that they sleep in cool rooms and dress to insure the greatest ease and protection.

It is somewhat difficult to impress modern young persons with the wisdom of dressing for warmth. They have their own very decided ideas about that, which conflict with what we "used to do when we were young." Being generous in our criticisms, we would say, "young people are never perfect, but usually they mark a little advance on their ancestors." It is hard for us to think of them as being grown-up enough to get along without us. We call them the "rising generation" and

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"some morning we wake up and find they have risen."

When one is growing and studying hard, there is a decided tax on one's system. Are we not too much inclined to the idea that all education is found within the covers of books? We know that students are hard-pressed during the winter months when, leaving outdoor play behind, they are forced to spend long evenings in preparing for the studies of the next day; at least it is necessary in the majority of cases where the young person is ambitious to make the most of his opportunity to acquire knowledge out of books.

Nor is this the only strain on the young and sensitive mind, as we have sometimes discovered when it was too late to offset the hurt. Unfortunately we do not always have the confidence of the young people, to know of the little embarrassments they have to endure, perhaps just because their clothes are not as fine or their supply of spending money as large, as those with whom they associate. Or it may be extreme nervousness makes a nightmare of examination time, causing the mind to register "blank" when the crucial time arrives. The

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ability of this sensitive one to make a living, may be even greater than that of the student who learns book lessons more readily, but just some little characteristic or quirk prevents him from comprehending or absorbing certain phases presented in the text books, that all seems to show up in the light of examination day. The seriousness of life is brought right home to him that day.

The getting of an education should be so attractively planned and arranged that one could look upon that part of one's life with healthful pleasure instead of dismay or dread. We hope the young people will understand and feel the sympathy of teachers and parents in this regard, and will conserve their energies for the worthwhile things. Health is paramount in the program.

Why We Age

*Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be
The last of life for which
the first was made.*

A CYNIC has much to say about otherwise intelligent folks eternally trying to turn back the pages of time and rediscover their youth, but whether it be in the far-away islands or in the most civilized and cultured metropolis of the present day, we find this streak of vainglorious pride in appearing young and attractive that has existed throughout all time.

Have you ever studied a photograph of yourself taken when you were young, and wondered if that innocent good-looking child were really you? Any woman over thirty should keep on her dresser the best picture that she possesses of herself taken in her 'teens, and try, day by day, to see how near she can come to restoring those same pleasant features and sweet smile. The quicksilver years would run far backward if she were to study her girlhood picture

W H Y W E A G E

for a few moments each day. That would be easier to do and just as effective as "fussing up."

Instinctively we decorate ourselves. From the most hideous skin hieroglyphics made by the application of heat or acid, and the extended lips of certain tribes, where food can only be taken by pouring the contents of a bowl into the open jaw, right on up to the faultlessly and gorgeously dressed maids and matrons who don priceless dance frocks and glittering jewels, we have the same streak of vanity coursing through our veins.

Instead of people trying to see how perfectly natural they can keep the body, and through the use of baths, fresh air and sunshine, retain as nearly as possible the tint that is supposed to flush the skin, as it does in that of a baby, they start at an early age to paint and powder and cover up the skin and fill the pores, so that skin breathing is almost negative in the exposed parts. To cover the entire body with tin foil for a short period of time means severe illness and possibly death, as has been demonstrated on a number of occasions, but is no longer permitted. To keep the pores

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clogged with oily substances and powders means that you throw upon the respiratory tract a very great strain, and also block the elimination process and tax the kidneys, as well as all of the tissues in the body. When one organ suffers, the entire body suffers.

That we can retain rosy cheeks and a healthy glow has been demonstrated time and again by some dear old souls, who at seventy and eighty still retain a rosy tinge in their skin. Of course, they have never used any applications that would interfere with skin breathing.

Few people understand the value of massage. Three minutes a day would be time enough to spend on massage of one's face and scalp to stimulate the coloring matter that lies just beneath the skin. A woman's own finger tips are the greatest cosmetic stimulators that could possibly be known. Any good masseur will show a woman how to use her finger tips to loosen up the skin on the face and neck, as well as on the scalp, by which, if other conditions are normal, she should be able to have a fairly good tint in her skin up until the age of seventy at least. Possibly women

WHY WE AGE

are too busy to find time to do this themselves, or it may be that they have never been told how.

How we all dislike the aging process, and yet its progress can be halted to a great extent if we are sufficiently enthused with life's details, or have some great purpose in mind. Worries and cares soon furrow the face, if we are not master of them.

Recently a gentleman confessed to me that, although he takes a brisk walk before going to bed, it is hours before he can go to sleep. He is a nervous type by nature, and upon close questioning, I found that he carries his brokerage business to bed with him, and, like a great many other men, attempts to solve his office problems when in a reclining position. Sleep will not enter the mind of any man, unless he is over-fatigued, until he stops thinking in terms of business and prepares himself for slumber-land. It seems a pity that days are so short for some men. Thirty-six hours would be little enough time for some of them in which to do their mental tusseling.

I questioned a friend on what time she had retired the night before and, although she is trying to build herself up and regain

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her health, she stated nonchalantly that it was three o'clock in the morning, and what pleased her was that she had made a few dollars at her card game. She was one penny wise and pound foolish lady, for next day her hands were cold, her body shivering, and she wondered why her vitality was so low. She is counted a brainy woman, but I would say she is a very much one-sided one. Even monomaniacs are considered clever at times.

There is no royal road to health, except through observation of the simple laws. It is the simple things in this world that we need to study. We think that they are unimportant, just because they are simple, and we often do not give them a second thought. Following a few simple teachings, a person may live a most wonderful life, and be of value to his fellow-men. Ten laws of health and the ten commandments will help one through this world, and land him safely "on the other side."

Self-Revelation

We require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.

RECENTLY I was engaged in conversation with a man who prides himself on being one of the best-posted men in the city, from a literary standpoint. He considers himself a top-lofty fellow because he reads nothing but the profound things in literature, but so completely has he subordinated the needs of the body, that the poor fellow is dying by inches. He cannot see himself beyond a mental and literary standpoint. He rushes home at night, and if he is spending the evening at home, props himself up in bed at an early hour and reads until the book falls out of his hand from sheer exhaustion. He is laboring under a misapprehension, and does not realize that he has a body as well as a mind to be cared for and nurtured.

It is a pitiable sight, is it not, to see one who has so developed the mind that he has forgotten all about his poor body, and while his head is feverish, his feet are

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chilled? I have seen this times without number in the case of students who were anæmic, bodies cold and clammy, and a mentality that was simply running riot, feasting, as they called it, upon the literary things of life. Even one well-stocked library would not satisfy them. Their minds are overbalancing their bodies with the consequent nervous conditions that cause them to worry and fuss over their mental shortcomings, though forgetting their physical lack.

The diagnosis would read "mental torsion." A cartoonist might picture them with a head floating through space unable to quite detach itself from the dangling body and cold feet touching the earth. They are all mental, and yet they consider themselves well-balanced citizens, but I would candidly say that they are no more sane than some of those spending their time in our government institutions.

Occasionally we do find a sweet-souled philosopher who realizes that the body is just as important as the mind; that the body, as well as the brain, is a gift of God. How so many can be blind enough to overdo one portion of the body, and let the rest suffer

SELF - REVELATION

to the point of exhaustion, is beyond the bounds of our comprehension.

The central nervous mechanism becomes shattered from over-use and from the drawing of the blood to the head, when there should be proper balance. There is only so much blood in the human body. It can be weighed and accounted for, and if the brain is engorged with blood, through hours of heavy reading, you can imagine the condition of the rest of the organs and tissues of the body, through prolongation of the period of stress and strain on the one organ that is being driven. During a certain period in their lives, these people may be strong and can keep physically fit to a certain degree, but even at that many of them are a care and source of worry to those about them. There may be times when they have visions and dreams that are far finer than those of the members of the same household who are caring for them in their absentmindedness, and too, they may be giving to mankind something that is unusual, but oftentimes we find that they become immersed in the affairs of the mental realm for their own edification only, and are, in reality, quite selfish about what they get. It soaks

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in so deep it never gets out again, or as one writer describes such a man, "He was a cistern—not a fountain of bubbling creative thought."

As long as we are on this earth-plane, we are subject to the feelings and wishes of others, nor should we impose ourselves upon others to be cared for and waited upon while carrying out our pet schemes, which we refuse to share with them.

Because a man reads until he feels a personal kinship with thoughtful writers by the score, does not necessarily mean that he is the finest type of neighbor or citizen, if he is taking a chance of ruining his own body mechanism, and losing what is intended should be of the greatest service to him.

If the one who prides himself on mental discernment will turn the searchlight inward, he will see Common-sense enthroned, doing its level best to dictate a program of exercises, brisk walks in the fresh air, regularity in living and thoughtfulness of others.

Super-Strength

*O, what men dare do,
What men may do:
What men daily do,
Not knowing what they do.*

ARE you one of the thousands who today are reading books on pep, personal magnetism, super-strength, psychology, right living or the simple life; and yet so far seem to be unable to connect up with the great Source of all energy that is an Open Sesame to others who are veritable substations of power?

It is not necessarily a matter of temperament, breeding or viewpoint. It is a peculiar stimulus under control of the mind that makes a man either continuously hyperactive or spasmodically moody. We have all observed a shiftless man who never seemed to be keen about anything, suddenly turn into a prim, active, energetic chap, when some event came into his life that changed his viewpoint and gave him a new interest that "motivated his life away from old grooves."

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Break the news gently to a man that he has fallen heir to a legacy, and nine times out of ten you will find in a week's time that his neighbors will hardly know him because of his changed attitude physically and mentally. If he is level-headed, he loses no time in charting his future program. If he has a tendency towards enjoying life, you will find him just as busy, only along a different line, and exhibiting strength, magnetism and pep which no one guessed was in his make-up. Where did it come from?

Many a speaker or actor on the stage who appears to be brimming with energy and confidence has really had to force himself to appear before an audience. One of the greatest pianists that ever lived, had often to be assisted or urged on to the stage, yet when he sounded the first note, the audience sat spellbound and remained so during the entire program. Just recently one of our well-known actors was taken to a hospital, following a dramatic presentation in which, so far as the audience knew, he was feeling at his best. He must have had a special store of energy in reserve for emergencies and knew how to tap it.

S U P E R - S T R E N G T H

Matter and energy cannot be destroyed. They may be changed chemically, physically or any other way, but always the quantity remains the same. A battery will supply only so much energy and if given intervals of rest will recuperate itself. Within the confines of every human being there seems to be the same process going on in the generating of nerve energy. We burn out or dispel our nerve supply through over-activity, over-stress or irregularities in eating and sleeping and in accepting Nature's free gifts of fresh air and sunshine.

It is possible for almost anyone to work himself up to a point of high physical efficiency if he will spend a bit of time in outlining and following each day a strength-producing program. As it is, the worries and cares of life monopolize the minds of most people and tend to discourage them, and they do not care to be bothered with a chart or program, even though it be the magic touch for them.

We cannot all be high-speed artists, or go booming down the street as if we had energy to burn, but we can conserve the energy we have to such an extent that we will always have something to fall back on.

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In order to do this, we must prepare ourselves for shocks, disappointments and various tragedies that enter into our lives, and must avoid extremes in temperament and temper. These things change the chemistry of the body and draw heavily upon the reserve nerve force that is so essential to any human being. Just plain commonsense in any line is all that people need, and yet commonsense at the present time is said to be at a premium. We are searching too strenuously for scientific methods of performing our various duties, even including the pre-mastication of the foods we eat. Years ago when people knew little or nothing about dietetics, but knew much of hard labor, we found greater strength and better developed bodies than we do in the present era. Our task may be to "un-learn" a few things, for we seem to be too well-trained along certain non-essential lines, and too poorly trained along others essential. A mental gyroscope that would stabilize our reasonings would be most valuable in this present century.

Stay-at-Home Longevity

*I will work in my own sphere,
Nor wish it other than it is.
This alone is health and happiness.
This alone is life.*

If you will note in the papers, from time to time, items in regard to our worthy centenarians, you will read that, as a rule, they have stayed on the farm or in some one place the most of their lifetime, and this thought may start a line of thoughtful enquiry in your mind, as to the psychology of the matter. The headline in the paper may simply read, "Eighty-five Years on One Farm," or "Resident of This City for Fifty Years," and so on, but each one's imagination will fill in the details and they will focus on the thought that these have been uncomplicated lives. Many of them had possibly not travelled away from that spot any greater distance than one hundred miles, although that is hard to conceive in these migratory and exploratory days.

Do you envy them the serenity of their days, or do you decide at once that the

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aged one must have lived a warped and monotonous life, that he must have lived meagrely to have seen so little of the world? How do you know he has seen little? In the first place in order to live to that ripe old age, he must have been a protegee of Nature; he must have learned some deep lesson from her as he lived the simple life. Who knows but what he was an idealist to whom the fleecy clouds in the blue sky were daily inspiration, and the happy songsters in the trees a constant source of optimism? We may never know the source of another's well-spring of joy, but we do know that all Nature is impregnated with its beginnings. The man who lives to be eighty, ninety or one hundred years must have within his soul a harmony that blends with the great symphony of the Universe, and knowing this, let us impute to him greater wisdom than we have heretofore.

That enthusiast who in early years has been roused by an illuminating travel talk or book of adventure, or has been piqued by the boastings of an itinerant friend to such an extent that he has resolved to spend much time and money in seeing things when "his ship comes in", but whose worthy

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ambition has been thwarted, should not be disgruntled at home, nor deprecate the advantages round about him. If all the good things were in any one spot there would be a complete exodus to that spot, but they are not localized, for which give thanks.

You may have to be content to maintain the tradition of your stay-put family, and yet you can console yourself with the thought that you are an integral part of your community, large or small. Yours can be a sturdy philosophy that will convince the most skeptic of the error in the supposition that taking root physically, stultifies one's mental growth. Show him that life does not consist solely in appeasing that urge to "move along" which is often no more nor less than a symptom of a vacillating mind that knows no tribal instinct nor desire for family communism. And yet, someday if the belated holiday does come, what joyful experience is yours, which the blasé travelled one has forgotten long since.

It is a proven fact that the majority of people who are prone to purposeless wanderings on the earth's surface do not live

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as long as those who are tucked away in their own little beds night after night, and whose lives are so methodical that they work almost automatically with a minimum tax upon their strength and powers. After all, one's own bed is, as a rule, much more restful than any to be found elsewhere, for one can adjust oneself in home surroundings much more readily than when constantly travelling and trying to put up with changing conditions.

It is the modern rapacious appetite for new thrills that takes us hither and yon, that incipient wanderlust that seizes us when things at home get irksome, or we allow ourselves to think they are. The man who obeys that insistent lure and travels extensively may have emblazoned on the tablets of his memory, scenes and pictures that the stay-at-home will never have recorded, but one has only to shut his eyes to get a vivid picture of life's incidents, and they need never seem commonplace: —one can always have a jaunt to "memory land."

One's true valuation in this world is dependent not alone upon one's knowledge of the world, but upon one's ability to

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ameliorate sufferings; upon one's active benevolences and not upon the thoughts, ideas and actions that centre on one's personal being, no matter how potential that personality may appear to be. Unless a man is able to make the load of his brother man a little lighter, he really is of no great value in this world. As a firm foundation we need no lessons other than those found in the stories and parables related beside the Sea of Galilee. These will last throughout all ages, but we do need to read and reread them in order to imprint them indelibly upon our consciousness. Wonder compelling, is it not, that a Teacher could give lessons that were applicable equally well then and now!

Edison, one of the outstanding men of the century, has been very much a stay-at-home. Although we could estimate how far he has travelled from his own hearth, no one could reckon how far his mind has taken him. He is devoted to the work of his laboratory; it is at once his task-mistress and his hobby. It has seen the lambent idea become a steady flame of completed invention, benefiting countless millions the world over. Would that there were many more

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like him, but each age does not present more than a favored few, capable of doing dynamic things because of their ability to co-ordinate their ideas.

In some respects we have progressed more during the past fifty years than have the people of all preceding ages, and even at that we may be but dallying on the fringe of a still greater age. We do know that many great stay-at-home souls who have ferreted out some of the secrets of Nature, have made us realize what the genius of human minds can fathom when the thoughts go far afield, even while the body remains in close proximity to its own fire-side.

This is not an age of philosophy, as the ancients knew and understood that subject. Grecian philosophical sayings and findings are quoted as authoritative to this day. Will ours be quoted as many years hence, think you? Have you ever speculated as to what will characterize our age in the eyes of future generations, who will read some historian's account of our accomplishments and wanderings, and form their own conclusions? We are not builders of stupendous pyramids of solid blocks of stone and cement without apparent utility, but we do

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build structures that soon are filled with countless individuals closeted in well-appointed offices working out business problems to some purpose. Will that be credited to us, or will even these mountainous skyscrapers seem infinitesimal in days of greater engineering feats yet to come?

I hear you say most stay-at-homes are such for the good and sufficient reason that they have not money to enable them to do anything else, but stay at home, no matter how strong might be the urge to wander. Some may be so inured to it that they prefer it, others may lack the ambition to acquire the wherewithal, therefore, they do not deserve to indulge in the delights of seeing new places and new faces, while still others may find all the joy they wish in the sharing of community pleasures and vicissitudes. Sharing up must apply to both. Sunshine is needed for every occasion, and the one who scatters the joy germ is doing untold good. If only it were as contagious as disease germs, all worries and bickerings would soon die from "natural causes," so the verdict would read.

All financial ratings to the contrary, we

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get out of life just what we put into it, no matter whether we wander or stay put. It takes all sorts of folks to make up a world, and while we are not disparaging one whit the unrivalled advantages of travel, neither are we deprecating the conservatism of the stay-at-home, the one who lives a seemingly cloistered life. We would not over-emphasize the one or the other, but we would say to you, emulate what seems to you the most worthy example. Do not be an ascetic,—do not be an aimless wanderer. Rather be he who, on reaching the century mark, and looking back reflectively, can truthfully affirm, he has kept faith with what seemed to him best.

The Noon-Day of Life

*The heart that is truly happy
never grows old.*

IF you have reached the age of fifty, you will already have found satisfaction in the beautiful and expressive phrase, "the noon-day of life." Noon-time can be such a beautiful time in the day. We associate with it the brightest sunshine and a general adjustment of oneself to a new day, which has perhaps not started out under the most favorable auspices. In some countries, they do not count on office hours before ten in the morning, probably agreeing with the chap who wrote, "Keep tab on yourself until ten o'clock, and the rest of the day will take care of itself." However, they seem to have as clear an idea of economic values as we in the newer lands.

In relating this middle period to life, we sometimes forget just what the sunrise of our day and the period of ascending light have meant to us, until one day we hear someone refer to us as "getting on." Rather a shock it is sometimes to those who

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have not considered themselves as far beyond the early morning of their lives, so young are their hearts, so refreshing their ideas! A youth is careless of the category in which he places a man of fifty, but probably no more so than is a man of fifty in classifying an octogenarian.

Like the path of the sun, the years so soon swing round and bring us to the age that a short time ago we viewed with tolerant sympathy. The period of time that sees us develop from mental infancy to mental maturity is as swift as the hours between sunrise and sunset.

If you will talk to a hundred business men, and ask them at what period of life they made their greatest mistakes, they will more likely than not admit that it was before the age of forty-five or fifty. A man should strive to keep his health unimpaired at the age of fifty, as his vision at this particular time may be that for which all his former life has been a preparation. Then let him get down to business, taking this age as the zenith of activity, foresight and good common sense, and extending it undiminished for fifteen years at least, still in the bright sunlight of the

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noon-day. When mid-afternoon has struck for him, it should find him well established but entirely unwilling to relinquish the reins to younger hands, if he still has the strength to guide.

Each year the longevity period is increasing, and men are holding their positions in the business world for a much greater period than ever before. We foresee that the time will come when a man of eighty will not be shelved, but will be sought out and consulted by those in the noon-day of life. He will be given due credit for his accumulated wisdom, and not considered hopelessly old-fashioned in his ideas. In this little scroll of life that we unroll with the passing years, we may find opportunity, and health to grasp it, written large right to the last page, each inscribed in shining letters.

We retire too readily—making a virtue of necessity—we say. Why many marvellous people have just come into their stride at sixty-five! Develop the sleight-of-hand ability to prolong your noon-day period by continuing to use your hands and your mind. Hard work harms no one, but it is these twisting, harrowing, contorting minds

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of ours that are not in perfect accord, that make our nerves rebel in a thousand ways, and disclose to the world, symptoms that no one needs to be a diagnostician to read. Change your mind from the low gear of worry, crowd out all thoughts of wrangling and warfare, slay the lurking wolf of discontent, avoid any who are at cross purposes as you would a contagion, and keep wide open the lines of communication to good and beautiful things, and there will be not a shadow of a doubt as to the brightness of your noon-day.

Most of the shadows are caused
by standing in our own sunshine.

Emerson.

Advice Threefold

*Learn the truth, live the truth,
Esteem the truth divine,
Grasp the truth, teach the truth,
And truth will thee refine.*

WHILE the giving of advice is not confined to any one profession nor sex, nor to those who have wisdom, yet our clergy, lawyers and physicians more often have demands made upon them than do any other three classes of people.

If you go to a clergyman and ask his advice on how to live a day, he will tell you in glorified language of all the beauties connected with a day, and of the Great God above who commands all, and yet who is all-loving, charitable and forgiving. He will point out the beauties of life: why we are here, what we hope to attain while here, and the reward of a fruitful existence on earth. He will give you all kinds of helpful, uplifting thoughts and suggestions that should thrill you by their high purposefulness. I love to hear a clergyman tell of these beautiful things. It is true

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that we do not always follow his advice, nor keep in mind the beautiful picture that he has presented to us, but that is purely our own responsibility, which we cannot repudiate.

If we had a proper conception of his advice, it would obviate the necessity of a visit to a lawyer, but failing that, and you do go to your lawyer and ask him how to live within the law, and how to transact business without overstepping the bounds, he will give you advice that, if followed, will keep you out of civic trouble all the days of your life. Even this we do not always follow, but are constantly experimenting on how close we can go to the edge of the precipice without actually losing our moral balance.

It is seldom that a man goes to a physician until he actually feels that he is losing his grip on himself and on his work. A strong business man will pride himself on how many years have passed without his having to seek the advice of a physician. I would advocate moderation in the matter of physical examination as I have in many other things. An over-solicitous man will become self-conscious to the extent that

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every unusual symptom he notes will be regarded as a red-light of warning. Nature does some marvellous adjusting and re-adjusting when she is unmolested. These things are taking place every day, but are the cures we never read about, and which, if they were known, would seem like modern miracles.

Benjamin Franklin says, "Do not misinform your doctor or your lawyer." It is a sad commentary on our modern life that many find it necessary to revisit their spiritual, legal and physical advisers time and time again. We hide behind that word "human" and try to excuse ourselves for omissions and commissions on the plea that we are only "human", which is no plea at all, unless we are ignorant of fundamental laws.

May we speed the day when more advisory books will be written and their subject material absorbed, making basic laws more real to our perception, books couched in simple language on how to live a day at a time, and get the most out of it, a philosophy that will teach a man that if he lives to-day to the fullest, he need not worry about to-morrow. Such writings

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would set us forward unbelievably. We all, from the highest to the lowest strata of humanity, need constant repetition of them.

A person keeping in mind the advice he has received from his three custodians, learns to weave all three into a day's work. Start the day with thanksgiving for a night's rest, and for a day of opportunity ahead. Eat wisely, avoiding foods that disagree, no matter how delectable, and eat only three times a day or less. I would advocate no great variety of food at one meal, and that the evening meal be the lightest of the day. It is almost impossible to lay down hard and fast rules covering all physical conditions of ease and disease, but one must make an earnest endeavor to find these out for himself before he has a perfect chart on which to schedule his day.

Lastly, one should live well within the boundaries set by his own inner voice, for "Right and wrong are in the nature of things. They are not words and phrases. They are in the nature of things, and if you transgress the laws laid down, imposed by the nature of things, depend upon it, you will pay the penalty." (John Morley.)

Losses Three

*Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.*

NEVER a day goes by but what we read of severe losses sustained by men in various parts of the earth—loss of health, loss of wealth or loss of friends, probably following loss of reputation. If you were to ask three men which they would consider the most serious, you would likely receive three different answers, according to what little god each had set up in his heart. The first man might say, "He who steals my purse steals trash," but the loss to one on whom a family or trusting investor is dependent, is a vital tragedy, nothing short of it. The second might add, "but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which shall not enrich him, but makes me poor, indeed."

The first loser may courageously rebuild his fortune, as did Kellogg of Battle Creek, but the second has the harder job, in fact it is often such uphill work that he gives up the climb. "A man's success makes him

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a surer target for criticism." The greater his reputation the easier it is to lose it, just as the higher the structure the greater will be the crash if the foundation gives way. A man in political or professional life must be prepared for a certain amount of censure, comment and just or unjust criticism, but when a blow is struck at his foundation principles, he is irremediably undermined, and furthermore, there is no insurance against the loss of reputation.

A man's best insurance is his good health. He may lose this most precious legacy and be told that he cannot live long, but fortunately may outlive the physician who held the consultation over him. Sometimes I think that certain patients are so contrary by nature that the physician's doleful predictions simply crystallize their determination to get better in order to "show him."

Some of our great missionaries and clergymen have been marvels of physical and mental endurance. Some of our greatest evangelists must have been buoyed up by extreme faith and divine power to carry them through the stupendous strain of their careers, in spite of physical handicaps. Brother André of Montreal, is one

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example. Although suffering from indigestion and sickly since childhood, he is now well over eighty, and has been considered for years a miracle man.

Body building is an art. I am strongly opposed to any exercise that over-strains the heart, muscles or nerves. You may not be considered a good sport or a manly young man, if you do not enter into the strenuous contests that are staged in our stadiums, but I have known some remarkably clever and well-balanced young men who, following their physician's advice, have never allowed their hearts to race beyond a certain point, or their nerves to become over-taxed until exhaustion takes place. They have set their own boundaries, regardless of criticism. No wonder a marathoner never lives to any great age! Just one look at the strained expression on the face of one who is a competitor or an ex-competitor shows one reason why. To use up the last ounce of one's energy and make the body become a slave to the mind, no matter how willing it may be, is a very grave mistake. Quit when your organs tell you to; they have intelligence and can dictate in unmistakable terms.

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Then too, when eating, instead of trying to do a marathon, why not think down below the diaphragm, and heed the warning of "full up." When your heart begins to race, a signal is being given out. The mind is absolutely conscious that damage is about to be done, and yet the mind will drive the stomach and heart to desperation before it will acknowledge that it is an injudicious ruler.

So we might go on piling up evidence, all of which would point the way to the absolute necessity of informing our young people the truth about stunts and marathons. We would not have so many men at forty and fifty dropping dead with heart attacks, if they had had this information when young, and had followed it. You cannot expect the human body to carry on to any great period of longevity when the different organs carry scars that tell their own story of foolishness, due to lack of mental balance. Although a student goes through the best of colleges, he will get very little teaching in which the body is given consideration when the mind or will-power is instructed to drive the body to the point of exhaustion. A little finer

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balance of the mind and body would add ten or twenty years to the threescore and ten, in which to enjoy the realities of life. The spoils are to the victor.

Possess Your Soul

*The soul of all culture is
the culture of the soul.*

WHETHER married or single, young or old, bond or free, one should possess one's own soul, and should realize that one is eternally separate and distinct from any other soul. This idea is not in the least revolutionary; it will harmonize perfectly with all true philosophies, religions and beliefs.

It may sound startling at first to any but a true philosopher who will accept it at its face value, and be happy and content with the realization that he is master of his own craft. Nor does it by any means imply that you should not adapt yourself to those with whom you live, and with whom you have business dealings, but it does mean that you should put greater stress on remaining individualistic.

The majority of us are like the sheep that cannot estrange itself from a flock and be happy and independent about it. We want companionship and we need it. Man

POSSESS YOUR SOUL

was not meant to live alone. On every hand in plant and animal life, as well, we have abundant evidence of the great scheme of partnership, interdependence and co-operation. We read that hermits who have deliberately ostracized themselves from human beings, find companionship even if only that of a pet mouse or a fly, anything in which life is manifest, and many of these men have developed a wide philosophy while living a seemingly cramped life. They have possessed their own souls. On the other hand many who retire physically shrink mentally, seeming to lack the mental stimulus which diversity of companionship brings.

The scale of mentality ranges over a number of octaves, and if one just knew how, one could classify every living being according to the responsive chord in his soul. It might simplify matters greatly if humanity were classed in this manner, then all that would be necessary to rouse a certain person would be to strike his key note, which through any amount of training and development would still be his individual note. Each soul must represent a certain chord, which harmonizes either with other

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souls or with the greater Harmony. Were it possible for some soul to be so perfectly in tune with higher vibrations that his range would be greater than that of any other living being, he would appear to the average listener to be out of harmony, and yet this great soul would be in perfect accord with the greatest of all Harmony, putting proper valuation on major and minor, as relating to the affairs of life.

We do not keep the thought prominently in mind that we are individual souls, therefore, individually responsible. We make the higher proposition secondary when we conform too completely with those things that lack uplift, and instead of ninety per cent of our energy being wasted on earthly incidentals, or non-essentials, the reverse should be true.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth." To-day there is too much energy being spent on futile discussions and debates that make it hard for a man to keep possession of his own soul. When you see theologians bickering over the revision of a prayer book, you wonder how the Great God in Heaven will accept a written prayer after the battle is over. When you see

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churches divided on some fundamentalistic proposition, or on legends and unprovable dogma, or theorists debating to the death on evolution, you cannot help but wonder what it's all about, and where it is all tending. One thinker has said, "The things we hold in common are vastly more important than the things about which we differ," and it is so undoubtedly. True psychology certainly does not deal with any form of reasoning that will not stand on its own merits, and when controversial bitterness creeps in unsettling the average mind, the last state of that man is worse than the first. But, you say, "doubts mean growth." Yes, but which way, up or down?

This then is the task, to develop one's soul and to feel that one is in actual possession of this God-given and eventually God-taken part of oneself; to retain the soul's supremacy and to cast aside all minor things that savor too much of theories. It is possible to live thus, and yet be charitably broad-minded in every respect, to those about you.

Were everyone allowed to exercise his own individuality, no one would feel that he had the right to over-ride another's opin-

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ion, nor in any way try to talk him out of what he feels to be correct, according to his deciphering of the hieroglyphics of "what's what."

We are continually confronted by the problem as to what is just right to do or how to act in order to conform to the ideas of those about us, many of whom would dub us erratic, simply because we do not conform to their custom and belief. Why let that worry you? Developing and retaining a sweet spirit of tolerance, not attempting to impose on anyone, is the best way to eliminate the age-old problem of how to please. Unfortunately, pleasing usually means subjecting yourself to another's will, stronger or more persistent than your own, but no better able, in fact not half so well able, to decide what is best for your case than you can yourself. Develop your own bit of philosophy in this matter, and administer it in small doses, if need be, until you are sure of yourself. Do not trim your sails to every breeze. Too many gentle breezes turn out to be squalls.

Along with superstition, brow-beating should be relegated to the ages that are passed. We have too much of caste and not

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enough of the great democratic spirit that makes for the good of all, as exemplified by a prince who has travelled the world over, and is considered even more democratic than many rulers and sub-rulers of republics. The elimination of caste will be absolutely necessary before we will ever reach a point in the world's history when we may really expect a millennium. If a man is a true man, there is no reason why he should not treat his fellow-men absolutely as he would like to be treated were the positions reversed. That would seem to be a simple "a-b-c" proposition, but it is certainly not carried out in the business and social world to-day. It is absurd to consider all men mental equals, but the stronger mind should be more tolerant of the weaker, just because he is superior, and no glory to him.

The truth of the matter is that the world's greatest souls were, and are, plebeans at heart, if not in actual fact. We have come to know for a certainty that intellectual parentage does not guarantee one intellectual heritage, and that some of the greatest souls are from the union of the young man and woman who are sincere

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and earnest, and really love and enjoy life and appreciate the finer things of life.

Men must be free and lowly in mind and spirit to possess their own bodies and souls, and the ultimate outcome will far surpass anything that has yet been projected by even the finest philosopher of our day.

Conceit vs. Confidence

*'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery
conquers strife.*

CONCEIT must have originated in man, for to this day he has been unable to shake off that hereditary tendency, and yet if not misdirected or inflated, conceit, so-called, is one of the most valuable of assets. Until we have reached a stage of civilization where it will be an unnecessary factor, we must not deprive mankind of this one prop on which to lean.

Little men are credited with being more conceited than big men. This may be true, but a big, powerful man has his share of self-approbation too, as he easily convinces himself he is "lord of all he surveys." A man, whether large or small, may have a large measure of self-assertiveness, and may use it in his business to such an extent as to make him obnoxious. If a man has "nerve" enough to come into your office and attempt to hypnotize you by his line of talk, surely you are justified in asking

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him, without equivocation, if he has been invited to come in. Some are impervious to even this veiled suggestion and "come a cropper", others are "wounded as only egoists can be wounded."

I am not referring to the splendid set of men known as commercial ambassadors, who come to you to display articles that you wish to keep in stock, but I do refer to a class of men with monumental nerve, who make it their business to force themselves on business men, totally unsolicited, and who pride themselves on their astuteness of mind to over-persuade their unsuspecting victim to the extent of getting him to sign on the dotted line. Just why more men have not resented these audacious intrusions, I have not yet found out.

A safeguard that works admirably for the professional man is one that is also used by many business concerns. When one is approached with a proposition, and one has not the courage to tell his visitor that he will send for him if he desires any of his wares, he can simply state that he has a business manager, and that all transactions must be presented first to this manager. This usually saves a great deal of time and

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works admirably. One professional man of whom I know, had slips printed on which were words to this effect, "I desire to interview Dr.— for fifteen minutes at the rate of One Dollar per five minutes." The fatuousness of many a super-salesman has been jarred by this method, and the amazed looks that this physician has witnessed in a few year's time, have provided much comic entertainment gratis. The spluttering and red-faced ejaculations on the part of the super-salesmen when this blank was handed to them for signature almost equalled a burlesque performance.

Another counter-irritant is that of having one's secretary tell the pushing salesman that, if he leaves his phone number, he will be notified if an interview is desired.

Our only reason for introducing this subject is that our business and professional men are eternally bothered by over-confident super-salesmen year in and year out, and naturally resent being dubbed "easy marks" by their loquacious visitors who invariably affirm that it is in the highest interests of the one interviewed to accept their proposition. We generously hope they will be

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forgiven for their hyperbolic statements and overdose of conceit.

Speaking of endurance tests, is there any more striking example of it than the unabashed salesman who insists on impressing one? It is the veriest folly to try to stem the current of his volubility, and if it were only his "swan song" it would not so much matter, but he repeats his same arguments with as much vigor to his next victim, whose susceptibilities may be more pronounced than yours. When you are well-nigh exhausted by his flow of oratory, he is apparently just at his best. Even when you have delivered your ultimatum he remains unshaken and rampant, and one can hardly retaliate. So many suffer because of this reprehensible nerve of the few who, if they feel any trepidation, certainly show none. My opinion is that they should all be quarantined until we learn better how to parry their thrusts, or can strike an agreement with them to hear them only provisionally.

It has been said that "all achieving characters have a sublime disregard of criticism"; the acceptance of which statement makes it still harder to discriminate between

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conceit and self-confidence. Truly they are first cousins to each other, and family ructions sometimes occur.

It does seem as though conceit were somewhat necessary in order that a man think well of himself in the first place, and secondly, that he may carry on with his fellowmen. One may show this in the matter of dress, another in mannerisms, while a third may develop his original bump after he has reached an exalted financial position, which he complacently persuades himself is the result of his having wisdom and insight well above the average. This may be true, but does he never stop to think that he should reach down and help the other fellow up, and travel along with him, if he is going to get the real thrill from his success? There is that aboriginal instinct inherent in some of us that makes us rejoice to out-speed our fellows. This is pardonable in certain phases, but is not exactly the attitude that a neighbor should possess towards the man just over the fence. Rather there should be a co-operative feeling that would permit the less successful man to receive encouragement from the one who is progressive. "Much water will flow under

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the bridge" before we reach this higher degree of fellowship, but strides are being made undoubtedly, if only that there are fewer who rejoice in the calamities that befall their rivals.

Someone has linked together self-confidence and self-satisfaction, but the latter has been described as "the infallible mark of the inferior mind"—the good-enough attitude, whereas self-confidence has the thought of progressiveness linked up with it. "It is faith in oneself and one's destiny that gets things done." We must have confidence or we cannot progress—confidence that we can "deliver the goods."

A great man does not need to pose. His actions speak for themselves. Emerson said, "What you are thunders so loud I cannot hear what you say," which is our best argument for the development of marked personality, rather than for much speaking. The highest type of wisdom of all ages, propounded by the greatest philosophers that ever lived, teaches us one thing, and that is the relative stature of man from a mental standpoint.

We will always need a thoughtful philosophy to balance that other which sees

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no deeper than the surface, and exults in mechanical and physical achievement without bestirring itself to figure the workings of the mind that precedes or keeps pace with the prize-winning achievements. Our greatest amphitheatres are used for athletic purposes, but not at all by orators, philosophers and sages to tell us of their accumulated wisdom. Perhaps we are living too fast a pace for them to catch up or connect up.

Someday when the world gets its proper bearings, and we dance out of this jazz age, we will learn to revere those who are philosophers in mind and heart, and will ask of them advice, and what is better still, we will be content to profit by it. When the last man will have ceased to be "wise in his own conceit" we will have a race of human beings possessed of confidence that will take them far.

Criticisms

*Let us remember,
That unto all men charity is due.*

“THE ability to find fault is believed by some people to be a sure sign of great wisdom, when in most cases it indicates only narrowness of mind and ill-nature.”

When a guest comes to your home or your city or your country, and makes pleasant and appreciative comment on the hospitality of the people, on the fine architecture of the buildings, and on the scenic wonders of the place, you feel that there is a man with the proper sentiment and one worth while exerting oneself for. On the other hand, if he proceeds to make comparisons disparaging to what you cherish, you feel not only that he is ill-mannered but that he is a guest that could very well be dispensed with. “He makes enemies where a mere trifle of courtesy would enable him to make friends.” Even if one has not a natural inclination to say kind things, he can train himself to do it. It is not only good training for him-

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self, but it tends to harmonize people and conditions. After all, we should not be too critical in this world, because we are nothing of ourselves, and we should be so extremely thankful for the air that we breathe, the food that we eat and the sunshine that helps us to retain our health, that we would not have time for petty social bickerings. Someone has aptly said, "by forgetting your neighbor's faults you help to atone for your own."

Mental storms and cross-currents of ill-will do such ravaging harm to our store of energy. The moment a person gets away from pleasantries, he begins to dissipate his energy. In order to conserve it, one must eschew acid remarks which are well named for their effect on the human body. The great author Ibanez, who recently passed away in seclusion in an European Republic, undoubtedly had his life shortened by the accusations of people regarding his writings having stirred up intrigues in his native land. It is claimed that the death of Burbank, the greatest botanist that North America has ever known, was hastened by the criticisms of people who accused him of being an atheist. The life

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of Bryan, the greatest democratic orator the South has ever known, was cut short by heated and involved arguments over the Darwinian theory. I claim that each one of us is entitled to his own theory, provided it does not interfere with the good of mankind. No one is perfect or nearly so, but each puts up the big umbrella of self-complacency and imagines it will shed the showers of criticism. It really isn't proof against them.

If you want a practical symbol on your desk, select the Chinese triple caricature, "See no evil; hear no evil; speak no evil." One man of our acquaintance seems to have thoroughly learned the lesson these grotesque little figures would teach, for he is never heard to comment harshly upon anyone's character or actions, and you feel that your reputation is absolutely safe with him as your champion. If you have a friend like that in whom you can place reliance, it gives you strength just to think about him. "A faithful friend is the medicine of life." Strong friendships are our protective armor in time of combat and adversity, and we in turn must defend those who call us friend. True friendship may call

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for material proof, but "life reaches its full fruition in giving, not receiving."

In men whom men describe as ill,
I find so much of goodness still.

Goodness is a positive quality which, connected with the main-line wires of life, will energize its proud possessor, and make of his life a positive thing. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "When a strong brain is weighed against a true heart, it seems like weighing a bubble against a bar of gold."

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

Appreciation

*It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand,
And we finish the task we long had plann'd.*

IF there is one thing more than another that brings out the very best in man or woman, it is the consciousness that he or she is appreciated. A man will exert himself to the limit in some social position or lodge or club to keep things going well, if he thinks the "boys" will be ready to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," after he has done his bit. That is all the compensation he expects or desires, and it often means more to him than what he received in his pay envelope.

I have seen the great comedian Jolson delighting his audience, appearing and reappearing all through the program, doing his level best just because he was thrilled with the idea that the audience appreciated him—and they certainly did! There are few comedians who can entertain an audience better than he or Lauder can. On

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one occasion I saw Lauder change his talk in a most tactful manner, in order to spare the feelings of his audience. It occurred just at the close of the Great War, and when he abandoned his usual patter and became reminiscent, he so played on the sensitive heartstrings of his hearers that they were in complete harmony with him in his sorrow. Few men have that power. We speak of personal magnetism, of the swaying power of oratory, and of the ability to command, but it is only the occasional man who can cast such a spell as to make his audience or those under him feel and think absolutely as he does. "The essential element in personal magnetism is a consuming sincerity," and not all possess that.

Men have crossed oceans, discovered new lands, travelled far and wide, faced dangers of the greatest magnitude, spurred on to glorious achievement because someone back home cared a lot. When you come down to the fine point, is it not true that we would not endeavor to carry on nor care one iota if it were not for the fact that we thought someone was watching over us, thinking about us and expecting great

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things of us? Our whole outlook on life is made different because of another's interest in us. It may not necessarily be what we call love, in every instance, but it is that something that makes man feel that he is not playing a lone hand in the game of life.

A boy may appear to be as fond of his dog as he is of his parents, and up to a certain period in his life his affection does revolve around both. He has a tacit understanding with both of them. He loves to lead the way in the woods and over the hills, knowing that the dog bounding at his side is supremely contented and appreciative of a pal with intelligence, and what is more, is not afraid to show it. Animals have helped tremendously in this world to bring out the best that is in mankind. They seem to understand one's moods, and are certainly a source of great comfort at times. The loss of a pet animal is a real tragedy to its owners, just as much when they are well able to purchase another, as when it is a financial impossibility. I have seen people go into mourning for the loss of a pet animal, and I never in this world would criticize or laugh at them, for it may be

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that the animal, by its helplessness, helped them to discover in their lives some kindly trait that possibly no man had yet called forth, and had appealed to their better nature as no human had done; had made them more kindly and charitable, more tender-hearted, and soon it was reflected in their dealings with their fellowmen.

The burdens of home-making, of caring for and healing the sick, of teaching, of carrying a financial load, or sharing any task, are changed into pleasures by the magic wand of appreciative words. A child turns to them as does a flower to the sun. Thoughts and words have been given to us to upbuild our bodies, but if they are bitter, unpleasant things, they will undermine our best efforts and reduce our power of levitation to a minimum.

Let us suppose that you are the victim of circumstance—hopes reduced to a pulp, morale at lowest ebb, sore-buffeted and no confidante to whom you can go—when, one unforgettable day along comes a man whom ever after you will regard as worthy of a halo, for he bolsters you up by the sincere grasp of your hand, gauges your real worth, sees you are more sinned against

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than sinning, and compresses a whole philosophy into his few words of appreciation. Was ever human speech more welcome or efficacious in putting you back on your right level!

Be prodigal with appreciation, I would say! Give unstintingly for there is no limit to the supply. "Blame is an icy wind," inimical to humanizing influences, and has never yet reclaimed an outcast, but has eliminated many a soul who was destined to be great. "Bitterness is nothing but the acknowledgment of defeat," and since time immemorial has torn at and despoiled the effects of eulogy.

"Meanness hurts most the man who is mean," and is afraid to look a laudatory remark in the face, a bogey that increases the hazards of life, but no one can be antagonistic nor remain impassive in the presence of him who sincerely speaks the appreciation he feels. Most of us are "something between a hindrance and a help" when it comes to doing big things, but we can all be among the elect when it comes to showing appreciation. By this simple thing the whole world can be ingeniously retrieved.

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We find along life's journey that kind and appreciative people are constantly entering into our lives and becoming part of them. A man who can truthfully say that he has a friend who will stand by him through thick and thin is a man who is wealthy beyond all reckoning. We make few such friends in this world, few who will stand the test of a day and night service wherever we may be or whatever the demand. Subtract appreciative friendship from this world, plus the fact that someone really cares, and life would be minus one of its strongest stimulators.

If you want to have a friend, be one—be a good one!

Kind words do not cost much.
They never blister the tongue or lips.
We never heard of any mental trouble
Arising from this quarter.

Misunderstandings

*A man should never be ashamed to say
he has been in the wrong, which is
but saying, in other words, that he is
wiser to-day than he was yesterday:*

THAT bugaboo "misunderstanding" has so much to answer for, we doubt if he will ever be able to make amends until he changes his coat of many-colored stories, for one of refreshing candor. Nations are plunged into contentious turmoil, not because they are naturally belligerent, but often because of a trifling misunderstanding that, if properly treated in the acute state, would not develop into the vitriolic flames of wrath that leave destruction and sorrow in their wake. How much better if the warfare of hunting our enemies down with goodwill were adopted!

What is true of nations, is also true of the individual. The very staunchest of friends sometimes reach the breaking point of their friendship just because of some misunderstanding caused by an inane or terse remark of one or the other being mis-

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construed and the whole trouble could have been amicably explained away if each had practised constraint. True friendship is of priceless worth, and not to be frittered away solely because of a *faux pas*, which is probably keenly regretted the moment it is spoken. The older one gets, the less he is inclined to throw off old friendships and take on new. Chauncey Alcott has said that one disadvantage in living to a great age was that practically all one's old and tried friends had gone on before. Such aloneness is not of our choosing.

We like some people the instant we meet them with an instinctive regard, others we learn to like because we find they have interests in common with ourselves and seem to understand us. If friends are truly such, any little differences seem to right themselves in the eagerness of each individual to retain the friendship that has come up through the years, and has been amplified, not disrupted, by the disquieting misunderstandings that are bound to flare up in the best regulated friendships. Toleration is the golden thread that runs through all companionships of sterling worth. Let me suggest this remedy for the

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widening fissure in an intimacy that you once prized highly—think over all the good points of your friend's character, one by one, then strike a balance between his and yours, and you will probably find just what percentage of the fault is his, and what is yours, and incidentally your self-righteous equanimity may be suddenly deflated.

The study of biographies of strong and great characters is a most interesting one. Some have stood colossal in their aloofness, indifferent to the men and women who would gladly have fraternized with them. Possibly they did not deserve any friends because of their eccentricities, but these latter would have been considerably less marked, or have been conspicuous by their entire absence if sympathetic companions had entered into their lives. Other wonderful souls have mingled together for years, and in time so thoroughly understood each other that practically nothing was allowed to upset the equilibrium of their friendship. Marvellous harmony existed and the amity of their meeting together seemed to be so perfectly blended that it tended for the general uplift and betterment of humanity. Many of them have left to us a beautiful

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legacy of poems, essays, autobiographies, songs and pictures that help us to find the silver lining to the cloud of our troubles and misunderstandings.

In this day of rapid communication, the world is becoming better acquainted with itself, and people are coming to a better understanding of one another, because they are more closely in touch. They have made the wonderful discovery that there is some good in every one, and so if it were not for unfavorable environment, people would abide in communities with very little alteration and few provocative deeds. It is environment that seems to influence people to such a great extent that they become alienated where they should have known only co-operation. It should not represent the sum-total of our influences, nor would it, if we did not try to stop the onrush of inherited good or of new ideas that clamor to be born in us. The misunderstanding is within ourselves.

During the school period, there are times when the boys in even the best colleges will have an impish outbreaking almost as contagious as measles or mumps, and if the disturbance is hushed up by some autocratic

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master, it is more than likely to break out in another spot and with intensified force. Some masters can reprimand without a misunderstanding occurring, others by their satirical remarks leave a hurt that rankles and longs for retaliation. The wise leader will deal with the uprising judicially, will appeal to the boys to "play cricket" and will take into consideration their natural buoyancy, which he remembers as having goaded him on to similar outbreaks in years gone by. There is more than one way of winning a victory.

Some folks have a knack of making friends and loving them, others are more reticent, and are content with one or two. Is it better to concentrate on the few or to spread one's affection over all mankind? When a humanitarian dies and touching tribute is paid to his vicarious life, by men and women in all walks of life, we say it is well that that man did not hedge in his natural affection for folks, well for himself too. Some have the natural faculty for serving humanity in practical ways that result in numberless grateful friendships.

Recently in our city, a great churchman passed away, and testimony upon testimony

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is being given that shows his entire life was devoted to the relief of the sufferings of humanity round about him. One dear old lady, shabbily dressed, but with the light of gratitude in her face, was heard to say, "Just to think, the Canon came to our house in the middle of the night to cheer us when our child was sick." It no doubt meant a little sacrifice on his part, but it meant untold solace to that poor mother. What a splendid tribute to a man who had devoted himself entirely to his noble calling!

There have been many great reformers and emancipators in this world, patterned after the lowly Nazarene who not only taught, but fed the people and then went up on to the mountain to gather strength and make further plans for the relief of those depending on Him. Even in the face of stupendous results there were still skeptics who misunderstood and hurled epithets and felt implacable hate.

There always has been distress, and I am afraid there always will be, but thanks be, there will always be men and women who cannot forget, and do not wish to forget, that the greatest thing in this world is to

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serve. They are deserving of the finest tributes, not only while here in person, but also when they leave the earth plane for the great field beyond where it is still possible to be of assistance to those who are struggling in this life.

Writers have so often brought to our minds that there is absolutely no recall to the spoken word, that what we send broadcast is irretrievable, and many a time this thought has frightened us into keeping our tongue in leash when we longed to avenge an affront. It is a great deal to expect of a finite mind, to always forgive and forget, but we are all capable of comprehending that it is inexcusable to do lasting hurt to anyone. There may be ways of making restitution and restoring confidence, but there is always a time during the healing of a wound when it is best to let Nature take her own course. There are times when any word is the wrong one. "There are times when nothing a man can say is half so powerful as saying nothing."

They say that time will heal all hurts, and it is marvellous what she can do in the matter of exterminating the virus caused by misunderstandings or deliberate taunt-

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ings. If it can be proven that there is no animosity connected with the affair, the healing may be by first intention, which practically means that no inflammation or foreign matter has formed in the wound. An injury to a soul is not surgical in nature, but it is true that no knife can cut as sharply as a fusillade of words spoken in a fury of resentment.

To possess the soul of a Lincoln or a Gladstone is not for any ordinary man or woman, else they could not be rated as ordinary. The workings of even the mediocre mind are so involved that we can only wonder how and why, and so in the case of a great soul it is that we see a perfect blending of all the various elements that constitute the three graces—faith, hope and charity, and that is as far as we can fathom. However, each day we may learn something new, and if we assume the right attitude, we reach a point where our education tends to mellow us, to make us more charitable, and therefore, more beloved by those with whom we come in contact.

The great souls who wrote the hymns and poems of the generation past, seemed to have lived in a world that is but little

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known or understood even yet, but their music has come down to us unchallenged, and is still reconcilable to our every mood and every need. When a writer pens the lines of a song that makes us appreciate home and friendship and the great God above, we have to admit that that soul has an understanding in his heart that almost thrusts aside the gossamer mist that spreads between this world and the Beyond.

All great souls reach into the unknown for their inspiration. It may come audibly, or thoughts may just flow through their imaginative minds interlocked with other minds. One need but read a single poem by Edgar Guest to know that his entire life must be as splendid as he writes, and that, in his heart, he holds no covert malice towards any living person. There is no rancor, no tirades, no flood-gates of wrath let loose, but just quieting, uplifting or arousing ideas. It is a benediction to read the poems of such great souls, especially when we learn to read, not only between the lines, but far out to the source from which the words came, which we know is not confined to this earth plane alone.

May similar harmony exist in our lives;

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may they be free from thought of reprisals;
may we never hurl vituperative words to
cause trouble and misunderstanding, but
rather may we allow our lives to be inun-
dated by right thoughts, which will come
surging in if we but open the gates.

Behind the Scenes

*Look for what is good and strong
And try to imitate it.*

WE profit by observation—of the right things. We are imitators from infancy up, and we love to watch performers in all walks of life—the soldier at drill; the runner on the course; the man on the stage in the act of dining fastidiously; the demonstrator in the store window, or on the street corner, anything in which action and technic are to the fore, and we often marvel at how it's done, and wish that we were privileged to take a peep behind the scenes. We don't literally mean "back stage", because that is of all things the most disillusioning.

If we are of the poorer class, we wonder how the middle class carry on in their homes. If we are of the latter class, we wonder how the wealthy people live; how the hostess of the castle entertains at her garden parties; how the honored guests deport themselves; in fact, we would like to be on the inside track of a lot of things.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Perhaps if we had a "close-up" we would find some of the glamor of tinsel-worth, so why spoil the beautiful moving picture that our vivid imagination can paint for us?

We read avidly accounts of the intimate home-life of men and women in the public eye; their families; their mascot; the study or studio or office in which they work; anything that will give us a peep "behind the scenes." We want to know how, where and when the author writes; how the artist places his canvas for the best light to fall upon it; where the musician spends long hours of practice; what hobbies they favor for rest of mind, and how they give an account of the talent that is being transmitted through them for the benefit of mankind.

And while our thoughts are busy on these far-away people, what do you know of your own neighbor? Are you surprised when you read in the paper of something in connection with the home or business life of the man next door, for it is your first intimation of it? Perhaps you have missed opportunity for years of neighborly intercourse, because you had thought yourself

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too busy to take confidence offered you, and all the time you were just around the corner from a genius or a philanthropist whom it would have been your good fortune to know, one who could have pointed out the way to you many a time.

If we understood even ourselves rightly, we would demonstrate better than we do, but we haven't yet learned to see behind our own thoughts and actions, to fathom why we do certain things that we did not intend to do at all, and why we don't do the things we set out to do. I wonder if we spent more time at the shrine of silence within us, if we would not be each time nearer to the insight and foresight, we need, to make the most of each day and the opportunities it brings.

Prejudice is opinion without judgment.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the benefit of a good light.

Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Secret Whisperings

*Have more than thou shovest,
Speak less than thou knowest.*

THERE is something about whispering that always attracts attention and excites curiosity, in fact, its sibilant sound is very often exaggerated just to do that very thing, but the great truths in this world are not whispered, they are spoken in the open forum.

One reason why mediums and crystal readers do not become famous by the revealing of intimate secrets is because they dwell on a gossipy plane of small things and petty criticisms that make for naught. Many people who would not for worlds have you think of them as superstitious, seem never to tire of consulting gypsies, crystal readers, or readers of tea cups and cards. The natural bump of consuming curiosity, as to past, present and future, seems to cause one to be fascinated by anyone who, by any means whatsoever, can foresee or guess at that which one wants to know. People read with secret curiosity

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the signs of the Zodiac. They pick out their favorite sign, corresponding with their birthday, and revel in the nice things that are stated in connection with that particular zone. The wet-blanket part of it is, that any number of morons and criminals may have the same birthday, and that's no secret.

There are travellers who would not think of crossing the ocean without first consulting "So-and-So". Sometimes the ocean behaves according to prediction, sometimes not, but my advice would be to go ahead with your safety-first measures anyway, in spite of the secret reassurances you have received as to its good behaviour and the success of your venture.

Why we are so superstitious, so startled at the appearance of "ghosts", weird rappings, menacing letters and threatening phone messages, or any unusual phenomena, which could often be run to earth, we do not know, but it takes very little of this sort of thing to make the entire neighborhood panicky. If you trace back to the source of trouble, you will usually find someone started a secret whispering, someone added to it, and so on and on it travel-

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led and grew larger like the proverbial snowball, until someone was up against a real trouble.

Suppression of any kind, when applied to the human race, will bring about eruption in time. Any country that is ruled by a heavy hand develops a race of people who feel secret discontent, then whisper about it to others down-trodden, and they in turn tell their sympathizers and soon the ruler and his associates may find themselves with a full-sized revolution on their hands, which is much more difficult to stop than to start, as anyone who has studied mob psychology can tell you. They may not have talked against the chief ruler in public so that no warning had come to him, but these secret conferences are only history repeating itself. What an endless chain of trouble has been caused by diplomatic secrecy! Surely the public is worthy of being taken into the confidence of its leaders. If not, the few leaders are wrong, or all the public are.

We find, in every phase of life, a few brave folk who do not care what people whisper about them, and we wonder if these people are really as great as they appear

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to be, or whether they are so self-centered that they fail to appreciate what other people think of them. On the other hand, there are supersensitive souls who go completely down and out if they chance to hear of secret criticism of some act or word of theirs. Possibly they were unwise or were misjudged by one who in his ignorance was not able to appreciate the sincerity of the worker, nor the difficulty of the task undertaken.

Some folks have such down-reaching thoughts that they can stoop to do and say the smallest things imaginable, and seem to revel and delight in making criticisms that have no constructive thoughts to offer. I like to feel that a person will not whisper behind my back, especially when he poses as my friend. Much better to come right out and state what you have in mind than to play politics and stage a two-faced conversation. We may criticize frank people for making statements that appear at the time to be a bit rough-shod, but usually they are persons upon whom we can depend, and we need never have the feeling that they say more behind our backs.

Open conference does much to dissipate

SECRET WHISPERRINGS

secret discontent and whispered slander, whether in the small company or in the colossal conventions that organizations participate in to-day. No matter what the philosophy of those who foregather or those who stay at home, let it include fairness and openness.

Literary Overdoses

*Real capacity never lacks opportunity;
It cannot remain undiscovered.*

A MAN once said to me, "I read for twelve solid hours yesterday," and he was so proud of it as a reading marathon that I hadn't the heart to catechise him on what he had gotten out of it.

I have known scores of people who seem to have read every book one could mention, and apparently are little the wiser. They have practically read until their brains are comatose. It is a false idea to think that the best way to add to one's brain power and to one's forcefulness of life and speech is by voracious reading. All reading must be done intelligently and in moderation, if it is to serve its purpose. Abraham Lincoln read but few books, but he absorbed them thoroughly, and there are few men who could write or state truths in a more forceful manner than this same martyred president. His speech at Gettysburg will live with the classics, and yet up to the age of twenty-one he had read but few

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books, and had attended school very little.

Possibly people read a great number of books aimlessly just to fill in time, or because they have the reading habit, and it is not so serious if they are not carrying on any particular work, so have sufficient time to enjoy themselves by reading every kind of book that appeals to them, but even at that, it is not the finest ideal in life. Every man living, who has an intelligent brain should be preparing himself along some particular line, either to serve humanity or to serve some other purpose that is equally worth while, and which in the final analysis does serve humanity.

While books are wonderful instructors, yet they should rightly be regarded as helps for thinking—not substitutes for it. Book knowledge is not of as great value as the simple process of sitting down occasionally for a short period of time, and doing some thinking on one's own. Have you ever thought of the size of the book that would be required to record every thought that passes through your mind on even a normal day of your life? It would be a queer hodge-podge to read, would it not?

The mind that is of the greatest value to

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humanity is the mind that, in solitude, receives thoughts and ideas and follows them up by mental visions. If you decide to accomplish anything in this world, you must save your brain for constructive thinking. You must build your mental skyscrapers that will carry you up and up into marvellous worlds of thought. By the bridge of thought you may connect up with big things, and see portrayed the picture of what you wish to accomplish. Only a genius can go along blindly, guided only by intuition, and do a great thing, but as one writer has said, "In the making of a genius the fairies left out one thing—the knowledge of when to stop."

Imagine any engineer working out a model of a bridge without first picturing in his own mind every detail of construction and location, and just how the finished product will appear! Again, imagine any sculptor starting in to chisel a block of marble without having pictured in his mind the perfect image of the object he contemplates making, first created by vision and by dreams.

This is not a day and age when men build castles except "in the air." This is a me-

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chanical age, and the young men that are being turned out by the universities should be taught to think and construct from the plans and designs that they outline in their mind. This they learn to do by the reading of proper technical books, reading more intensively than extensively.

There was a time when we bought largely of encyclopedias and great volumes of reference books on certain subjects, but in this busy day and age, we find well-indexed text books of greatest value. If you will secure a university catalogue and look over the text books used on the various subjects, you will find that the professors, with their knowledge of this, have selected the most up-to-date, rational texts that can be procured. The same applies along any other line, and if you are gathering technical material, you are usually wiser to stick to the text books being used, unless you want to get knowledge complete enough for a dictionary, as to derivations, historical origin and later development. One concise up-to-the-minute text book is invaluable to the busy man who has not time for great volumes of text material that has

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perhaps been collected over a period extending back centuries.

Let a man read in a year's time half a dozen books along some particular subject, or subjects, and he is doing very well indeed if he gets the gist of them all. Of course, there are men in certain lines of work who need and employ a complete reference library at all times, and some professional men necessarily have to refer back to stated cases and historical facts, upon which to base their findings, but in the average work very few books are of any great value so far as real up-to-date advancement is concerned. It is useless to cram one's mind with superfluous facts and theories that have been buried among forgotten things soon after they were born.

They had their day and ceased to be.

Your choice of reading matter, and the hours you spend on it, are all a matter of whether you are just trying to amuse yourself, or trying to gorge your brain, or seriously trying to make advancement. The only way to advance is by concentration on what you are reading, when you are reading the right thing, and the applying of the

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best thought-out principles to those that you already entertain. Being naturally ambitious, you can then proceed to think out new ideas that will place you in the vanguard in relation to those with whom you work.

Read less promiscuously, but read more books pertaining to your line of work, I would say, and when old age settles upon you, and you are sitting by your ain' fire-side, then you can read books for amusement only.

Our Speech Betrays

*The sweetest music is not in the oratorio,
but in the human voice when it speaks from
its instant life.*

'T IS said, and accepted with more or less reservation, that "Actions speak louder than words," and certain it is that the variety of one used is hardly less than that of the other, according to one's nationality, education and temperament. Various estimates as to the number of words in the vocabulary of the average man have been made from time to time, and it is chalked up against us that we run in circles in the matter of verbal expressions, as we do in expressive actions. And why is it so when our language fairly teems with beautiful words that could compactly tell in one or a few syllables what we lamely express in phrases, sentences and even in paragraphs? Without proper words one cannot give more than a garbled version of what one wants to say.

"Our lives are founded on expression, not repression, and strong expression deepens impression." We need not be guilty of over-

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much talking; of striking right and left without quarter where we would try to impress; of hurling thunderbolts of strong words, where we would try to reform; of going from Genesis to Revelations to tell a simple tale; of reiterating and haranguing phrases until they and the patience of our audience are worn threadbare; of floundering in words that are so distinct a departure from what we hear and use every day, as to slow up our speech; none of these need we employ to avoid the stigma of being poverty-stricken in the matter of words with which to enlighten and help and interest those who listen.

"Expel a big thought, and you dispel gloom and doubt", someone has well said, but isn't it a fact that "The oil of eloquence is too often mixed with the water of weak argument." We bespeak a satisfied audience for the man or woman whose information and counsel are couched in words fine and good. They have enriched their vocabulary by attentive listening and retentive studying, and do not render invalid their strong points by leaving it to their hearers to fill in a hiatus with inappropriate words, or unspoken conjectures.

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Someone has said, "Meditation is a lost Art", and so it would seem is extempora-neous speechmaking and the ability to ex-press oneself cryptically. Disjointed phrases, hackneyed words, a quagmire of unrelated ideas are far too common among a people who should be able to boast of an abun-dance of suitable words and phrases for any situation that might arise.

All words are propaganda of a sort. The speech of droll witticisms, of sparkling repartee, of epigrammatic phrases, of sound and seemingly unanswerable argument, of unadulterated truth, (as the speaker sees it) by one who does not believe in mincing words, and even the talk of the quixotic one will make us "sit up" and cease dis-ttracted listening. Perhaps we cannot sub-scribe to what the speaker says or thinks, but as I said before, all words are propa-ganda of a sort, and will start up a line of thought wherever they rest for a moment.

Not one of us but what is thrilled by the orator who employs uncommon words to put his ideas across, and awakens in us fresh interest because he has given us a taste of what our language may mean, when right-fully and extensively used. Most of us are

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in a rut when it comes to choice of words. We emphasize, question, ejaculate, affirm and deny in stock phrases that have served us ever since we learned the language, indeed some of us have probably forgotten the high-sounding words with which we, as juveniles, were apt to ask precocious questions of dumb-founded grown-ups.

Progress is being made in our schools in the matter of teaching public speaking to the developing child, and it is hoped that the next generation will supply us with men and women powerful in words that can stir our hearts and minds to think new thoughts, see new vistas and accomplish bigger projects.

In commenting on a recent speech, one of our leading politicians was heard to remark that it was a "Masterpiece of serious humor," which meant that the speaker had been able to catch and to hold the interest of his audience by alternating humor and seriousness, and making palatable and impressive the message he had crossed the ocean to deliver. Another man without that gift might leave his message unadorned, and it would lack savor, though he had climbed to oratorical heights and lost him-

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self there. Some speakers delight to think they have talked over the heads of their hearers, that their speech is so mysterious and deep. So are dark caverns, but they do not nurture growing things!

Sometimes it would seem as though no words in our language were powerful enough to support the ideas our writers and speakers are struggling to bring before us, as they do their part in Empire building. Words often seem an inadequate vehicle, to be sure, and yet they are our best and most effective weapon, so why not learn more of them. Make a hobby of collecting words; learn a new one every day, and how to fit it in to its proper niche. So many of us have only one language at our command, so we should strive to have a workable and thorough knowledge of that one. Some unique situation arises, and we stammer our thanks or apologies or wonderment, when a neatly turned phrase would have put us in a so much better light.

Men and women who would brave a lion in his den, tremble in dismay if asked to propose a toast or move a vote of thanks, even in a small company of friends, and if they are unable to extricate themselves

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from the duty assigned, the whole evening is spoiled for them (and probably for their sympathetic hearers) not to mention wilted collars and mopping handkerchiefs. There is no doubt about it that the best speeches are made when one gets home, after such an affair.

Some silent folk are advertised by their service, not their speech, and creditable advertising it usually is, but enigmatic silence has worked as much harm as has the resounding wrong word spoken from the housetop by one who claimed he had to get it out of his system. Usually it means that the system of someone else has been seared in the process.

Jerome says, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," and usually it is his words that hasten the entrance of the trouble and delay its exit. In the Good Book, we find frequent and telling reference made to the bridling of the "unruly member", and it is advice well given, for the words we speak have more to do with getting us into trouble than anything else. Words are so irrevocable. No apology, no contrition can unsay them but never forget that they can be salved over and ren-

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dered stingless by the forgiving and forgiven. Cheery words brighten the soul of him who speaks them and of him who listens and there are an infinite number that we could send out on their glad message every day, but instead we leave them deep buried in our dictionaries or our hearts and use the same old conventional phrases with which we have expressed pleasure or approval since first we had the grace to do either.

Some of our friends are never commonplace or trite because they have a refreshing way of expressing themselves that is unlike the stereotyped way with which we are surfeited when we hold conversation with the majority of people. With some people it is almost impossible to keep the ball of conversation rolling. Their answers are laconic or non-committal. With others, words are tossed back and forth as lightly as thistledown and edify as little. So much of our conversation is as chaff that settles nowhere, does not take root because it is without form or substance. We cannot be, nor should we be, forever talking of serious matters; they have their place but

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it is when they are in danger of being ousted altogether that a halt should be made.

In certain districts, colloquialisms punctuate much that the native-born says, to the bewilderment of the newcomer who has first to be initiated into their mysteries before he can understand or be understood. I might refer here, too, to the modern use of slang phrases everywhere, which, by common consent, seem to be adopted by all of us and eventually find their way into our modern dictionaries. Some are meritorious, others can hardly be said to be worthy additions to our language which already has so many languages embodied in one that it must be a stumbling block to those who come among us and for awhile can express themselves only by gestures. The shrug of the shoulder, turn of the outspread hands, tilt of the nose, curl of the lips, flash of the eye are often as effective as words in showing us the feelings of the one who thus silently expresses himself. What fitting words would add to some such gestures we tremble to think of, suffice it to say that most of us try to be content or have to be content, with just

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such cabalistic code for conveying our message.

Although external things are not sole criterion of what we really are, yet we are being judged every moment of every day by the words we use and the way we use them. High-sounding phrases are not necessary nor even wise at certain times and in certain places, but at least we can avoid poor enunciation, grammatical errors, mispronunciation, the jargon of the street corner, the vernacular of the unlearned and the small talk that bespeaks the shallow mind.

Would there be less illiteracy if the acquiring of the knowledge of languages did not appear to the uninitiated to be so arduous and complicated a task as to discourage him at the outset? Is the time ripe in world affairs for a universal language? Would there be less friction if all peoples of all nations understood the words of their brother-men?

Like many other puzzling questions we will have to leave these with our readers for solution.

Personality

*Personality is one's greater interior
self made visible when the heart impulses
are allowed to dominate.*

IN a census that you might take of those with whom you consort, you would be bound to list a considerable number as meaning nothing more than a name, while others with an inner belief outpictured in a dynamic personality captivate your interest and draw from you a meed of praise that you cannot freely accord to the one who has allowed his finer instincts to atrophy. On one is writ large his concept of himself and of his fellowmen, which will stand the acid test of close inspection and friendly alliance; on the other the lime-light reveals peccadilloes that must have their source in a poorly grounded taproot for "Personality is what you think of yourself made visible."

In describing one of his fictitious characters, Buchan says, "He was the kind of personality that diffuses itself like an atmosphere, and that like an electric current is

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not weakened by distance." You and I know that kind of man, with a genius for life, whose cordiality is a focusing point for all with whom he is associated. We call the source of his influencing power, occult, but it is really not lost in mysticism, except as that applies to our inexplicable inner selves. Personality is something finer than instinct, something indefinable, something unget-at-able but a something that rivets our attention. Of one man it was said, "He was a great man; wherever he sat was the head of the table."

We cannot tell why the debonair chap exudes a carefreeness we envy, why the priggish fellow repels, why the rasping dominant personality inspires in us aversion and obstinacy, why the eccentric one who styles himself individualistic puzzles us, why one in whom self is in the ascendancy, disgusts us, nor why the naive or piquant young lady interests us.

We have a healthy contempt for the one whose love for conventionalities is actuated only by a desire to parade his aptitude for the niceties while hiding the other half of his dual personality, the real innermost self. We all have his prototype among our so-

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cial acquaintances. Then too, we have the versatile fellow who, chameleon-like, takes his color from each one he meets, imma-
terial of what virtue or vice his companion of the moment has vaunted, and it needs no magnifying lens to see the result. We have the despotic personality that would extirpate any who are not willing to bow to his ideas and feed his vain desire to be known as a "much-mooted man." If he meets another despot, there is a clash of personalities and sparks fly, because of the mighty impact. There is also the personal-
ity that when adjudicated is found to be based on false premises, a fictitious some-
thing, a figment of what externally we see, a modern Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

There is the personality that is not de-
pendent on pomp and circumstance, but meets poverty with aplomb, knowing that "lasting happiness is a by-product of fine living," and that an affection for folks is worth more than minted gold. There is the personality that though transplanted into the wrong environment will, like a homing pigeon and with unfaltering sure-
ness of instinct, find the way back.

It is something alive, something vibrant,

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something scintillating that attracts or repels, that is the envy or aversion of some neutral folk, and lastly, something that is so much a part of each one of us that it synchronizes with our innermost selves that at times surprise even us who house them.

One personality shines like a beacon light, another is dim as though seen through the fog of repression. The world has need of more of the beacon-light variety; it will always have sufficient of the foggy kind. Stern repression of one's personality is like crushing life itself. Perhaps we master one undesirable characteristic only to find that another equally unwanted has sprung to life in a hitherto unguessed weak spot, but remember that inherent good is likewise eradicable, an inestimable boon indeed, for at best, we find "bucking the current" of adverse conditions is a heart-tugging one.

Can we develop a pleasing and striking personality? Yes, indeed! We can develop latent talents, latent energies, latent love and latent cheer, then diffuse them like an electric current, in fact only as they are diffused will they develop and increase in

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intensity and telling effect. Set yourself to this fascinating task, if you would know the joy of life.

Patriotism

*High thoughts and noble
In all lands help me.
My soul is fed by such.*

PATRIOTISM is the "keystone in the arch of Nationhood." Probably no characteristic is as common to all people in all lands, as is love of country. The emotion is not based on the length and breadth of one's native land, nor upon her fertility, scenery, nor wealth of possessions, in fact it is sometimes hard to find just what it is based on, but it comes surging up and possesses its native sons and daughters in time of stress and pleasure. It brings out virtues and courage in a man that no one, least of all he himself, ever guessed were in his make-up.

It is sometimes so poignant an emotion when we are away from our native heath that it becomes unbearable, and if we have a return ticket, we use it long before we ever intended to. We get back home and we straighten our shoulders, and we say, "Well, it's good to be back in God's coun-

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try." Surely it is—and our little jaunt away from it has deepened our patriotism and thereby made us better citizens.

Do you realize that you owe it to your country to be a healthy citizen, both in body and mind? How to do it is the problem with which each of us has to cope. No man is a nonentity who is a true patriot, but we would go further and ask for mammoth-minded men, for "One man's vision can raise the temperature of a whole community or country" by kindling the spark of patriotism that is in each of us. "There are men required for action. There are men required to create action. The world has need of both." Our country has no room for deliberate non-producers or shirkers, but can use even the one-talent man who is thorough-going. We cannot tabulate people or pigeonhole them—we must live and let live, and knowing that "human nature is stubborn in its prejudices" we should search for the root of the prejudice that keeps man from being his best.

Faith in ourselves and in our country will get things done. Already we are doing common things in an uncommon way, and are doing uncommon things in en-

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gineering, science, medicine, art, sculpture, literature, physical achievements, and in every phase of man's development. We are realizing the value of the conservation of life, and we are caring for mothers, for veterans, for the sick, for those unfortunate mentally or financially, for the misguided, and for the uneducated. Everywhere are Service Clubs who "look under the debris of humanity and find a man, and to him they appeal", in order to make him a better citizen. "No one can measure the potentialities of the race who cannot measure the power of the individual, and that even the individual himself does not guess." It is unfortunate that often he does not find it out until he has transplanted his talents to another country where they flourish and are appreciated, but nearly always love of native land, though it may wax and wane for awhile, yet is vibrant within him when he returns to old scenes and old friends.

Is yours an ardent patriotism that flames once a year, or the noisy kind that vents its exuberance and expends itself on the blaring of trumpets and waving of flags, or is it the kind that gets you into glib arguments with those of other countries,

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but gets you nowhere in your own, or better than all, is yours a deep-rooted, steady sort that helps build a better country, for "all great National things must come from the hearts of the people?"

We are building on the foundations laid by former generations—a precious legacy—ours to see that the superstructure does not belie the foundation! They have flung to us the banner of national idealism, and we must keep it floating for all the world to see. Much criticism is levelled at our law-makers, but have you noticed that "seldom is a fault-finder a path-finder?" "Many can denounce, but few can construct." "If you think there are too many laws, why not so act that fewer laws will be necessary?" Do we observe even those in force?

"The two chief enemies of mankind, and therefore, of nations, are moral slackness and physical slackness," and just as we recruit for soldiery in time of national strife against a common enemy, just so should we appeal to ourselves and to others to enlist against these two insidious foes. Someone has said, "Show men you have faith in them to do a thing and nearly always they will

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respond." "We must not only be willing to wear the uniform, but also to essay the tasks" of our country. "To choose the sure thing is treason to the soul." True, the path of the reformer is strewn with thorns, but no betterment is ever brought about but by sacrifice on the part of someone. We say we are progressing, and so we are astoundingly, but "The modern trend sometimes needs to be diverted."

True citizens who are zealous for their country's good, will sink their turbulent differences, forget their feuds and quit hairsplitting. Arbitration can do far greater things than we have ever expected of her. She needs to be taken off the shelf and dusted up a bit. Life is not one thing or another, it is everything, and "a convinced idealism is the mightiest power of all." "There is no great leadership where there is not a mystic."

A nation might be described as an "interesting collection of contrasts and contradictions"—the parvenu, the provincial, the vainglorious, those noted for their probity, those with a fetish for pleasures, others with a flair for martyrdom, some thinking only of the "rule of us" and unearned increment,

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others only of unselfish deeds, and all are federated to form a racial solidarity of which we are a part. That country is best for any man that "tempers the soft metal in his make-up into keen, hard steel." We hope this country is best for you.

People say they come to our country because they want liberty, but "liberty might lapse into license" and "There are some natures to whom easy-going means a descent." "So few of us are big enough for freedom." We must not let our inanimate things possess us; we must not be subject to our luxuries; we must make them serve us. In the process of being successful, let us not sacrifice success of the right sort, but remember that "Prosperity cannot do much harm to the man who feels his brother's care," and this we must insist on in ourselves, or we, as citizens, will objectify the statement that "Prosperous days are days of religious declension."

Always any country's great need is for leadership, and since "Leadership is a product of the times, and varies with places and traditions" let us try to foster any spark of leadership we may find in ourselves, or in others.

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Calm resolution, determination, hope, courage, originality, these will all help in the upbuilding of a greater country, of which to be proud. It is given to few to see the fruits of their labors, but some day we will look down from the mountain top, and in the amazing development of our country we will see the fruitage of early habits and later toil. We will see realities emerge from dreams that were intended to mould the future, while inspiring the present.

Flaming Youth

*Sweet were it then to be alive,
But to be young were very heaven.*

FLAMING Youth—Yes, flaming with ideals and ideas, I would say, and with energy, purposefulness, clear-cut action and the will to do; stripped of persiflage but surcharged with loyalty to the cause to which they are, for the moment, devoted. They apparently subscribe whole-heartedly to this writer's thought,—“How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use,” and while we prudish older folk may sometimes view with dismay their *modus operandi* of “flaming”, yet in fairness we are bound to admit that they believe that “Life is a gift to be enjoyed, not a penance to be served.” “There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so,” and we must remember that many of our mental measuring rods are only human, therefore fallible, and not the standard by which we should either condemn nor condone. It sometimes seems that everything that is not on a dead level is condemned.

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We have little patience with the intermediary phases, and none at all with those with whom "The now looms up so big as to shut out the afterward." There is no sanity like laughter; we all know that, then why hypnotize ourselves into the belief that only the solemn and wise are sane? "You draw into your life that to which you give emotional attention," and while many of the pleasures to which youth gives such attention are not representative of the highest ideals, in fact are regarded by us as *risqué*, yet as surely as the sun will dawn for us on the morrow, will they rise to the level of their best instincts.

Canfield says, "But why try to hold up one ideal as the only one for millions of men who have a million various capacities, and ideals and tastes? They'd enrich the world like a garden, with their lives, if public opinion only allowed them to be lived."

It is impossible for youth to realize that "The school of experience charges most for its night courses," and we find them living on one plane of energy all day and far into the night, sometimes developing a nervousness that for awhile passes as alertness, but which sooner or later takes its toll. If we

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knew more of self-discipline, perhaps it would not be so difficult for youth to follow after. The day has gone by for the rule-of-thumb dogma, but the day for self-government is now and always.

It is all very well for young people to snap their fingers and say, "A fig for conventions, I have no qualms, and all you who have are *passé*." They may belittle such things all they wish, and flit from one idyllic episode to another at their own sweet will; they may indulge in all that polite society says is taboo; they may champion the cause of this and that eccentric thinker; they may go about unshepherded wherever the "going's good"; they may act contrariwise from dawn till dark, and long after; they may defy their better selves willy nilly, leaving every chance for the relentless fangs of gossip to tear at their characters, but they must remember "There's a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," and warning signs are everywhere that for every action there must be a corresponding reaction.

We should feel nothing but sympathy for those young or old who are morally lame, for the under-privileged no more than for

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the over-privileged, for the one who is just temporarily off-centre, and for him who is too weak to resist the flaming desire without a boost from a stronger character.

Put yourself in step with the one whom you would interest, the one to whom the temptation is strong only because of his weakness. "There are vices worse than those of the hand and of the body;" there is defamation of the mind.

"Everyone who would possess his hill-top must pay the price of his climb," and to flaming youth I would say, "Your gifts are signposts pointing the way to your true line of service." You have talents, perhaps yet undiscovered that proclaim you our embryonic writers, artists, teachers, artisans and administrators. All down through the annals of history we have one concrete incident after another to prove that young people are the doers.

MacArthur must have held a brief for the young people, for he said, "It is always youth that saves the world. I am waiting for the illuminating touch of youth in the making of permanent peace. We have had too much of hoary-headed control. Youth is the high explosive that will finally shatter

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the burdens that press us down. Some day youth will dare to be simple and unaffected, and will enrich by limiting their desires and sap our foolish system that depends for its profits on unregulated desires. At all times youth has a disconcerting faculty for seeing through sham and selfishness. I have faith that it will not fail in our present crisis. Youth must do it if it is to be done at all." Undoubtedly our affairs in the hands of clean-cut youth would be on the up-grade.

We find youth berated because of their shortcomings, admonished because of their sins of omission and commission; youth on whom coercion fails, but with whom co-operation would succeed; youth who have had a surfeit of do's and don'ts instilled into them; youth denounced as unstable since time began; youth who have lost sight of interior decoration while devotees of the beauty parlor; youth who have been and are convulsed with a desire to know for themselves, whether it be knowledge that comes and goes or wisdom that lingers; youth that want to put their own valuation on everything in this day of changing values. All this we know and sometimes deplore, sometimes commend, but we would not be

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without our young folk if we could. We need them and we know it; they need us but do not yet know it. Some day this truth will dawn like the rising of the sun.

May they then still be flaming with high ideals and ideas, with energy and loyalty to a good cause.

Follow thy Star.

Seasonal Excellence

Now is high-tide of the year.

—SPRINGTIME—

NATURE supplies a complete and satisfying exhibition for us at all times, devoid of monotony or crudity, but especially is this so in the springtime of the year, when she dresses up the trees and shrubs, and decorates the plain brown earth with gay flowering bulbs, and carpets the lawns, and gives greater power to the streams and more fleeciness to the clouds to let the heat of the sun shine through. It is all done so quietly and completely that we can only pause and wonder. In doing it, she may be unpunctual according to our calendar divisions, but before the year is out she averages up. No doubt there are a score of reasons for her seeming deviations, and she cannot please us all. Even Nature would be on the horns of a dilemma if she attempted that, but at least there is variety enough to please the most exacting.

In the springtime especially, Nature's alchemy is evident on every hand, and she

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transforms so adroitly that the out-of-doors man with whom she connives, almost believes he has worked the transformation himself and it seems a shame to disillusion him. He has watched the miracle of life unfolding as he tended his young plants and animals, and realizes that here is a mystic symbol beyond his ken, and he works on and on, learning new lessons as each new phase of the question of growing things presents itself. Even as those things grow 'neath his tending, just so new thoughts and questions grow in his mind, and he rejoices to be in collaboration with so wonderful a taskmistress, because of whose great schemes all things in the Universe are pulsating with life.

We have said there is no monotony or effort, but only spontaneity in her works and that is so. The clouds are never just the same in color or outline or location; foliage and vegetation are always different, according to the number of hours of sunshine and rain they have had; the restless waves of the lake and the ocean are never the same two moments together; to-day the stream is not the same that yesterday we sat idly beside while content to let the

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world go by. Even the snow-crested mountain tops appear to change in their colorings according to the atmospheric conditions surrounding them, and so we might go on *ad infinitum* to prove the truth of our statement, but it is unnecessary if you will but observe as you go and keep on learning till not a vestige of your former disinterestedness is left.

Learn best in the plastic days of youth; learn best in the bland days of spring when her zephyrs are an intangible lure to break away from the ranks of winter dwellers to which you were recruited just a few months ago.

One writer puts it "A fine day is more a state of mind than a meteorological condition," and in the springtime of life, one's mind is so easily turned towards happiness. Spring days bear semblance to our childhood when, carefree, we nullify the bad and take for granted the good that is in the world everywhere. Young lives give promise of more beautiful things to come, and are a never-ending source of delight and satisfaction to those who, in the winter of their days, would merge their thoughts with those of pliant youth.

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—SUMMER SKIES—

Long before a lingering springtime is finally ejected by the translucent days of summer, we begin to formulate plans that will take us away from the humdrum of the country, or the confused clamor of the city, anywhere that will give us a time and place for cultivating friendships, for keeping tryst with Nature's insistent call and seeking with unfeigned joy for that which will submerge us in the spirit of holidaying. We want something that is the decided antithesis of winter, indeed countless numbers would waive all rights to a dozen winters for the sake of one idyllic summertime when they could climb mountain tops, or be one of a labyrinth of splashing bathers or beachmongers, or live hermit-like days on a solitary island where the potency of the sun is soon evident on tanned faces and bizarre costumes. Jubilant holiday seekers come from pretentious homes and humble cottages, all with an insatiable appetite for the pleasurable things of life under summer skies.

The school child is joyful when released from "durance vile" (his cognomen for school), for he just naturally revels in the

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life out-of-doors. To him it is a matter of no moment that school days will come round again—he enjoys his freedom while he has it—getting out on any whimsical pretense ready to enliven proceedings wherever he goes, joining in with alacrity with “the bunch”, or flattered if Dad takes him off to join in full-fledged pleasures and sports. He scoffs at his big sister’s dilettante sports and her well-groomed knight errant. To his way of thinking they are an example of what a holiday is not, for he interprets summertime in terms of hatless, coatless, soapless days.

Our parks are the nearest approach to the woods that many have, but their peace is often disturbed by the soap-box orator who expounds his iconoclastic theories to an indulgent audience of reputable citizens who have come there to relax and forget, and whose chatting is apropos of many things until this bomb breaks in their midst. He never seems to feel *de trop*, has no qualms about the worthwhileness of his subject, and sees no incongruity in introducing fiery remarks into a peaceful park of a summer evening.

Summertime is such a wonderful time of

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home-comings when the old home reverberates with voices of children, almost incoherent with joy at once again being at grannie's house. It means so much to them in their formative years.

Who is there, no matter how far along life's path, but enjoys a climb up the tortuous windings of a country road; of following a bypath pungent with the odors of the woods or idly fishing in a shady spot? Surely that one is beyond the pale who cannot enjoy any or all of these in Nature's repertoire. We need have no scruples about enjoying anything sponsored by Dame Nature, which is more than we can say of man-made pleasure devices, whose noisy grindings but serve to accentuate the perfection of those which Nature supplies.

What is the invisible factor in all this keen enjoyment? Do you think that of all the seasons, summer plays the stellar role? Would you defer her exit if you could and carry her over to the next season as they do in some countries? And if you did, would it really improve the seasonal scheme as we have it in our country?

After all, what are we questing for?—just happiness, subtly over-powering all the

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physical and mental ailments that we, by careless living, and slipshod thinking, have allowed to dominate our lives. We are normal when we feel a great imperative to have the summertime of our life span bright, happy, busy and helpful as are the holiday seasons that overtop all others in what they do for us to bring us back to normalcy.

—AUTUMN DAYS—

Descriptive writers have seemingly employed every known adjective denoting beauty, when writing of autumn skies and autumn foliage, but they are the first to acknowledge the inadequacy of words when it comes to describing her exotic display of warm colors and glamorous skies.

Are you in that group of admirers who declare that autumn is Nature's peroration, that she has preempted all the glories, or are you among the uninitiated to whom the glories of autumn are not intelligible? Do you dolefully recite "The melancholy days are here, the saddest of the year" as the leaves obey marching orders? Does the sight of empty gardens and fields depress you? If so, ask yourself why. The changing seasons are given to us for a purpose, as is

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everything in Nature's methodical scheme; ours the fault when we do not strive to divine the purpose. Under Nature's tutelage much that is obscure becomes obvious to even the most obtuse one.

Haven't you ever felt an irresistible desire to play truant when there was a tang in the air—a longing to get away to the companionable silence of autumn woods, and scuffle leaves under unhurried feet, with nothing to mar the picture, nor interrupt the comradely chatter of the birds? Next time you feel like that, obey that impulse and let the peace of it all soak into your soul, and soon there will come surging back into your veins the hot blood of youth that welcomed autumn fruit trees. You have surely not forgotten your depredations on nearby orchards when, emboldened by a furtive survey, you found the coast clear and you ensconced yourself safely next to the choicest fruit, which always hung highest, and felt you were ready to run the gamut of even the farmer's displeasure rather than surrender your prize! Was ever fruit more luscious, and was it not all because of your attitude of mind?

Think it over next time you bid adieu

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to summer days, those days of genial weather that have bewitched you and bronzed you and fortified you for the rigorous days of winter that seem so unconscionably long only to those who are deficient in energy and optimism. Pessimists are outnumbered though, even in winter time, by those who philosophically take the days as they come and make the best of them. They weave fanciful dreams when the odds are all against it being done, for they know this is an antidote for the deepest dyed attack of the blues.

How like our thoughts are the leaves as they run pell mell whither the wind carries them, just as the words we read and the thoughts we hear expressed carry our ideas from the arid soil where they have rested too long, out into unexplored fields where are hidden gulches and beckoning corners ready to intrigue and lay fast hold on any new thoughts and worthwhile ideas! There they rest until they are evicted by the next inspirational breeze that carries them along to adorn or clutter fresh fields, and so goes life!

You who believe that the quintessence of seasonal excellence is to be found in summer

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when the days are beautiful with Nature's prolific display of colors; when the "Vaulted Highways" lure one in spite of oneself; when the mystery of growing things is etched in colors drab and gay; when the amenities of life seem all about us, and "nothing useless is or low" I say to you just remember that "Life hath many shadows, but 'tis the sunshine makes them." It would never do for us to live in perpetual sunshine either physically or morally, or we would never be prepared for the winters of our lives when some days, prospects look as black as a silhouette, and the austerity of it all chills and discourages us.

"When an autumn day is perfect, it is the most perfect of all the year." Autumn is but a ruse to get us ready for the winter days that would surely pall otherwise. She tries to placate us with her rich colorings and her evergreens redolent with an acrid smell for which no one has ever been known to have an antipathy, but for a good breath of which many would forego city pleasures for days on end.

To us who must travel with the shuttlecock of the seasons, beside which man-made schedules seem so puny, let us pause

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on the borderland long enough to appreciate what they mean to us. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between any two of them. We just imperceptibly pass from one to another as we do in the events of our lives, and the attitude with which we accept the inevitable has much to do with our happiness. It is the irony of fate that we cannot, or do not, all accept graciously.

Again I say, Nature has given us autumn days for a purpose, and it is not to depress us but to impress and enthuse us by the completeness of her workings of which we are her masterpiece.

Autumn days are to the seasons as are the days of glorious achievements to our span of years. We have played our way through the spring days of life, worked happily and enjoyed the summer period, and have achieved most when our harvesting time has come, reaping our reward according to the seeds of words and deeds and thoughts and plans we have sown and nurtured in the virile days just passed.

—WINTER MONTHS—

Down in the Southland where they bank

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on the sun shining every day, a Newspaper Company have offered to give away the entire edition of their paper on any day that the sun does not shine, so confident are they of Old Sol helping them out. Do the inhabitants thoroughly appreciate that they can be out-of-doors in this paradise of sunshine at any hour of the day or night without discomfort? Apparently not, or at least it does not boost their longevity for statistics show us that they do not live, on the average, any longer than those in the northern climes, nor are they happier. Although we have not statistics to bear us out in that statement, yet one can observe and make comparisons. We grant you many northerners count themselves lucky to be able to migrate each winter to this land of eternal sunshine, and happily revel in warm air and ocean water while forgetting the rigors of winter back home.

But genuine winter days have their enticement too, in fact any days would be irksome when we could not appreciate with what meticulous care Nature prepares them for us, and yet oftentimes we are not overly anxious to make even a pretense at being pleased with her efforts; indeed we often

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endeavor to override them. If we were to try to live unprotected out-of-doors in defiance of this period of sliding mercury, we would learn how inept we are at disregarding her frosty somnolence, and if we should attempt to outshine her northern luminous display, we would be plunged into despair.

How about those who migrate to our country from a country of temperate climate in the hope of bettering themselves financially? They are unprepared for the sinister menace of our snows, and as they endure the hardship stoically, or otherwise, they are made keenly aware of the accumulative forces of wind and snow. It would seem that all the elemental forces are unleashed for man's subjugation, but somewhere, somehow, cosmos comes out of it all and they cannot help but be enthralled by this vitalizing display of Dame Nature's prowess. Should we be any less impressed just because it is an old story to us?

To me, the snow is the greatest of all symbols of puritanical righteousness. I like to think of the snowfall as of angels dusting out Heaven; the face of the earth is then

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so suggestive of holier things. "God becomes articulate in a snowstorm."

The winter period allows a man of the north, time to become acquainted with himself, or at least to make a beginning at that Herculean and never-ending task, and of reaching thereby a degree of harmony within his own soul that comes only upon reflection, and not in the torrential whirl of modern times.

The long winter evenings have been given to us for a purpose. Because some of those of the animal and vegetable kingdoms rest during the winter, does not mean that they should be sterile days of mental indolence for us of higher intelligence. Of one man, it was said, "His thoughts and ideas had been hibernating," but Mother Nature does not hibernate; she only changes her methods of "keeping house" and because she is an immaculate housekeeper, she sends down the white snow to disguise the ugly gashes on her surface that follow in the train of man's enterprises. Our conglomerate failures are on every hand, but Nature has practised her art for aeons of time, and her ability is shown at every point of the compass.

To some, summer sports are incompara-

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ble to winter pleasures, while others, with catholic taste, will not concede more to one than the other. Certain it is that either is delightful and helpful if indulged in with moderation. We are learning more and more to go on the assumption that moderation in all things is wisest and best.

We want you to see the beauty of the winter time for it is like to the closing years of our life span, that are the postlude following our day of service, and the soft cadences of that music will not be ineffectual in helping someone, though deeply engrossed in mercenary thoughts, to learn a new lesson, if we just play our part well.

Weather Prophets

Dark days are like the shadows of our own desires that stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.

THE keen observer will tell you before a day has fairly opened up just how certain temperaments will be affected by the particular brand of weather that is going to prevail that day. In fact, if he is wise enough to predict the weather, it is not difficult to foretell how about ninety percent of the people will re-act to it, for only a perfectly normal person is impervious to climatic vagaries, and their percentage of the population is very low.

Strange, but some of the calmest of philosophers do not seem to include the weather in their list of things to take for granted, and make the best of, and we find them depressed and fussy or rheumatic and grouchy, just the same as anyone else who had not thought it worth-while to take even unfavorable weather conditions for granted.

On dark days we find people fuming and

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protesting over their aches and pains, which are very real to them, and they are never at a loss to name them, like a patient who described her trouble as "sciatica in the shoulder." She was a bit mixed in her anatomy, but she was sure of her pain, and considering that many volumes are required in which to record all the symptoms and diseases known, it is not surprising that the layman gets a bit mixed in his self-diagnosis at times.

Weather gourches are often that merely through habit of thinking, and not because of any physical discomfort they have. We have really accustomed ourselves to thinking it is a terrible hardship to have abnormal weather conditions, while as a matter of fact, they serve the noble purpose of making us appreciate fine days when they come.

I wonder why a sunny day has such a salutary effect on the average individual. One philosopher writes, "A few hours of sunshine make me forget every sin I ever committed," and his sentiments are endorsed by the most of us. On the other hand, some temperamental folk fairly revel in a storm, battling wind or rain or snow, as if it were a human adversary to be over-

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come. They come in with cheeks and eyes shining, and circulation quickened, looking the very embodiment of good health.

Light and dark are both alike to some who mind darkness no more than does an owl. Unfortunates lacking sufficient will-power are not always able to shake themselves free from depression aggravated by dull weather, and look to sunshiny souls to show them the silver lining of the dark cloud. Their philosophy has not branched out sufficiently to include cheerfulness on the dark days, and often it is made more difficult by a series of mishaps and calamities that almost shatter the best resolutions to let the weather "go hang."

The best and only worth-while prescription that I can give you as an antidote for the darkest day that ever was on the calendar, is to hunt up someone whose prospects are as dull as the day, and never rest until you have brightened them up with optimism, and flooded them with the light of good cheer, and the answering glow in your own heart will be your assurance that you have found the best prescription of all.

Nature's Finishing Touches

*Nature forever puts a premium on reality.
What is done for effect, is seen to be
done for effect.*

THERE seems to be a streak of curiosity inbred in all humans for they always want to see the other side of things, or just around the corner. Also there seems to be an instinctive desire to put up a good front not only when it comes to the facial expression and one's actions, but also in regard to the product of the sculptor, the artist or the science man. In contrast, we find that the makers of bill-boards, fences and buildings never bother to finish their work in an all-round way to present as pleasing an appearance as the fronts, which are designed to attract the public eye. Evidently we are not supposed to look farther than the decorations. Some men seem to think that as long as the toes of their shoes are well shined that it is unimportant to touch up the heels. It is a trivial thing to be sure, but what characteristic does it disclose, and what would happen if that slip-shod principle were applied to all things?

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In the matter of the finishing of furniture, we find certain pieces are not at all pleasing when moved into the centre of the room and the second-rate back disclosed to public gaze. Workmen will contend that it takes too much of their time to finish the back of an article of furniture with the same polished surface that the front view presents, and that it is impractical. Perhaps so, but it always seems worthwhile to devote oneself to the niceties. Many cathedrals are so designed that from any angle the structure appears to be architectually perfect, and it seems fitting that they, perhaps more than any other buildings, should simulate Nature's handiwork that everywhere is studded with suggestions.

We learn from Nature one of the greatest lessons that it is possible for us to learn, that hidden away in the heart of the oak or in the marrow of the bone of man are just as wonderful grains, fibres and cells, as are to be seen on the surface. This same regulative force is patent on every hand. Nature sits enthroned, and there can be no infractions of her domination for her regime is always.

For instance, the inside of the eyelid is

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as perfect a piece of histological and microscopical work as the outer or visible portion, and throughout the entire body we may observe that same all-round completeness for any portion, even to the cells and tissues seen or unseen, is one of absolute perfection. To a trained eye, a sliced section under the microscope will reveal from what portion of the human body that particular tissue is taken. Although the shavings are so thin that they are almost indiscernible until mounted, a histologist will recognize at once, slide after slide when placed under his microscope, and can tell you all about it. He will recognize at once the muscle fibres taken from the heart, or tissue from the lungs, and from wherever a specimen is selected, perfection will be apparent in each and every instance. Nothing has been improvised, the minutiae of detail has been well attended to.

We may claim that life is too short to spend on detail, that we must consider commercial efficiency, that the economic phase must be stressed, that man's time is limited to a three-period schedule. This may be true, but it is also to be observed that a finished product, perhaps because of its

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rarity, is put in the front rank, and is invariably appreciated by those who understand what real Art is. Only the paintings, statues, and cathedrals that are in this class endure beyond the range of one man's lifetime. The classics are eternal. Only those poems and literary works survive that have an appeal, and only those songs live on that are worthy to live in our memories.

The man who devotes a lifetime to one particular piece of work or line of work, striving his best to put on the finishing touches as he sees them, should be eulogized to a far greater extent than the man who hurries through his life's work, simply hitting the high spots and working for commercial purposes only, apathetic to things of moment round about him, and perceptions dulled to all that is considered by the thinking world to be best and imperishable.

There are enough of the niceties in life to form a striking contrast to those that are not, and we only wish that we had more beautiful art treasures, more well-written books, more well-designed buildings, that we might know that we are making progress in the right direction. There is an artistic strain in all peoples of all countries,

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but more defined in some than in others, according to one's conception of what is really artistic. The natives in far-away lands and islands are masters along certain lines. Some of the finest pottery we have up to the present time was created by tribes who lived here before our civilization swept over this country. Our Indians weave by hand, rugs and blankets just as pleasing to the eye as we can, with all our machinery. In some lands certain peoples pride themselves on handing down from generation to generation the secrets of their works of Art, and no one else must know them. These articles we eagerly buy whenever we wish to satisfy the aesthetic in our natures. But we have to admit that in all the products that we weave or blend into the artistic articles, we are simply touching up or putting together parts of Nature's handiwork. We must make use of her wizardry or beauty would be woefully lacking, and even the grotesque would result.

The beauty of Old England is enhanced because each man takes personal pride in making his own garden a little touch of Eden. California will, in time, be a second Garden of Eden. The red sands that once

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blew from one end to another, making unsightly dunes and furrows, have been subdued and conquered by irrigation. This may be one exception to the general rule where man has really improved upon Nature's work. At the same time it will take a generation or more to develop the unobtrusive but artistic touch that so commends itself in the beautification of older countries.

We have sometimes scathingly referred to man as a despoiler. In order to create works of Art and surround himself with what he considers the beautiful, the country's natural wealth is depleted. For instance, in the course of time you will find that the palisades that were once so vividly pictured on the banks of the Hudson, have become almost an eyesore, sacrificed to gratify man's eagerness to re-arrange and obtain some of Nature's products. Where waterfalls are converted into electrical energy, fish and plant life suffer, and where certain minerals are unearthed and chemically treated, vegetation suffers for miles around. Wherever a railroad threads its way through a country, certain beauties of Nature must of necessity be despoiled. Although no man

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can create a tree or a flower, yet he thoughtlessly scrapes off bark and plucks wild-flowers by the root, and sullies some of the scenic beauties until they bear little resemblance to the original finished product, as viewed by the pioneers who first entered our land.

Today we view a vastly different country, only as man has made it different. Long before man arrived, Nature had put on her finishing touches. The minerals were under the earth; the fish were in the lakes and streams; the forests were teeming with hardwood and pulp; the water was dashing and pounding over falls unharnessed; natural waterways affording transportation were spread out for the enticement of the explorer; there was sunshine, snow and rain bringing wild fruits and flowers to maturity; there were a thousand hills on which cattle might graze, and a boundless prairie land all ready for seed. This is our heritage.

Golfing Greens

*To me all Nature is as much alive
as I am myself,
And flushed with the same life force.*

WHAT is there about the game of golf that gets one? Is it because it is the mode, is it because it takes one away from business cares, is it because of the congenial companionships, or is it because of the opportunity it affords of getting close to Nature? Is it anyone of these in particular or is it all of them? It should be all, for together they form a perfect ensemble.

I often wish I could meet the chap who invented golf. He should have his name numbered with the world's benefactors for what the game has done to folks with jaded nerves alone. It takes years of training to make a good golfer, and sometimes longer still to make an ethical one, but they are years well spent, for golf should be a gentleman's game, in the larger sense of the term.

Watch the players leaving the green, and you will see good sportsmanship in the fellow who is covering up his disappointment

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in his own score or that of his partner, or poor sportsmanship in the chap who shows no desire to cover his irritation, which is superseding all pleasure and benefit he might have gotten out of his contact with Nature. He has not yet learned how to lose gracefully.

Let us suppose it is "a day entirely beautiful all the way up to the sun and back" and we are about to start a game. As we walk over the green or, contrary to rules, carelessly toss our bags down on it, do we appreciate that it takes special training to know how to look after the green and keep it in perfect condition? With the right kind of grass properly trimmed, you have something that is a pleasure and a delight to the eye as well as a big factor in your making a perfect or gratifying score, but unfortunately, some men are so serious about golf that they fail to even appreciate the green, and will approach it with anything but the proper spirit. They do not realize that in treading on Nature's green carpet they are treading on one of her masterpieces that has responded to scientific treatment and care, and should not be carelessly scuffed.

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Picture before you eighteen perfect greens to be traversed with appreciation! What a privilege to walk on these picture spots while trying out your skill, as treading on a stage with the most perfect setting in the world! It should cause you to start out with a thrill and to end with a much greater one. To walk over the beautiful fields, past trees, up and down the hills, with an occasional drive or put, even though requiring all the best technic that the enthusiastic golfer can possibly command, yet gives one an opportunity not only to enjoy the game but also the woods and hills, the streams, and the birds that always haunt the golf course and linger in the trees to cheer the player as he passes by. There are so many wonderful things on or near a golf course, and there are such a variety of courses that you cannot wonder at an enthusiast becoming a connoisseur in them and travelling from one part of the country to another, simply for the enjoyment of the change of scenery and to be able to picture in his mind the most beautiful spots ever arranged by the hand of man.

Every putting green is a stage, or should we say, a battleground. There, men have

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conquered their own temperaments and tempers and have learned not to show their depression because of their lack of skill in manœuvring just when they thought their technic was showing unmistakable signs of improvement.

Lift your eyes to the skyline—yes, but never forget an appreciation of Nature's soft green carpet.

Fleecy Clouds

*Above thy head,
Through rifted clouds,
There shines a glorious star.*

WHAT does a cloud mean to you? Of course, you will say it depends on the kind of cloud, on what it presages, and on its colorings, and although you hardly realize it, it depends on your philosophy of life too. One's opinion of the weather is, like the sliding mercury, regulated by one's mental temperature, and one's reaction to cloud effects seems to be that too.

I well remember, one day during the war, a friend pointing out that in outline the clouds resembled Russia and certain other countries engaged in the great struggle. He seemed to see in them, significant forms only from a fighting standpoint. In all my days I had never looked at clouds in that way, but I do remember, as a boy, lying on a stack of hay and watching the fleecy clouds passing overhead, and from them I got a vision that has remained to this day.

Day and night we may be entertained

FLEECY CLOUDS

and thrilled by cloud effects as their shadowy forms go scudding across the sky, or rest idly high overhead, and with the blue sky for background presenting a picture unrivalled for beauty. In the fleecy clouds, Nature has painted almost every conceivable figure and shape, and even at night, with the bright moon reflecting upon the earth, one may see some of the most wonderful outlines that can possibly be imagined.

No painter will ever be able to eclipse the marvellous tints of sunrise and sunset. If you live where you have an uninterrupted view of the sun as it retires, "counting its hilltops one by one," or in the early morning painting with scarlet and gold the placid waters of a lake, you should count yourself lucky. If you have climbed to a mountain peak in the early morning to watch the sunrise, and you see below you a bank of clouds, and gradually the sun works its way upward and above this fleecy mass until it overtops it altogether, you have your reward in the awesome thrill that you feel at this wonderful demonstration of Nature's artistic ability, which has gone on since time began.

Those who have a far-seeing viewpoint, and can pierce through the clouds to the

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great beyond, and almost to the great Source of all things, realize that the clouds can teach one of the finest object lessons, forerunners as they are of fair weather and storm.

Wherever you stand on the face of this earth, you can find a cloud effect that will not only thrill you but instruct you, if you are willing to be instructed. Nature does everything to provide us entertainment, but in no sense of the word are we better entertained than by her motion pictures. The first motion picture that ever existed for the eye of man was the object lesson as shown in the moving water and in the blue sky, when cloud effects followed one another in quick succession, and the sun appeared to travel through its orbit by day, and the moon and stars by night. We are living in a world of motion pictures of rare beauty, and all provided without cost.

There is no depression in the order of Nature; there is much to impress, in the cloud effects that overtop our world from day to day.

Dreams

*The World's great Child,
Born and reborn, is Dream;
Ruler of progress
In the world of men.*

If you do not believe in dreams, or if you are one of those rare mortals who claim they never dream, you had better not read this. I have always thought that even the perfectly-balanced human being, with a mind clear as a steel trap, is bound to dream, and if he profits by what he dreams, so much the better. "Man may invent machines of precision, but never one like brain recording."

The subconscious mind is a marvelous piece of mechanism, and is man's best servant. Some experiments have been going on recently in one of the universities of the South, in which the subconscious mind is being studied, and the students are asked to repeat their dreams when they awaken. Usually a dream is wiped off one's memory as completely and easily as are markings erased by a moist sponge, but if you really try to remember a dream, and derive benefit

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from the lesson that is taught, you are attending a night school that is invaluable.

To get the most good from a night's sleep, prepare yourself for it by spending a few moments before going to bed, asking earnestly that your dreams may be of such a nature that from them you may learn a lesson. You will be amazed at how much information you may obtain by having the subconscious mind thus do some real active, constructive work, while the conscious mind sleeps. On the face of it, it may seem as if it were impossible, or not practical. But try it out. Immediately upon awaking, collect your thoughts, clarify your dream visions, and you will be amazed at the number of correct answers to your problems you will have within a few minute's time. There are many things the night-time subconscious mind can do that cannot be accomplished by the normal day-mind, as someone has referred to it. In this great clearing-house, it is possible for mental reasonings to take place that will result in marvellous unfoldings.

The emerging from the slumber period, and the connecting up of the subconscious mind with the conscious, is like the clear-

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ing up of a storm when the clouds roll back from the blue sky, and we see clearly.

Some of the greatest problems in the world have been solved in dreamtime, and some of the greatest visions that have ever been given to mankind have come through the medium of dreams. Of course, it is easy to believe what we wish to be true, but in every country, there have been noted examples of practical dreamers who have, through an interpreter, given to mankind some great lesson or warning. People with a psychic inclination will often receive clarifying messages, through dreams, with reference to persons or to some particular line of work that is of value to themselves or to humanity.

Dreams are valuable only when they are of this particular nature, and not when they are the product of a harassed mind. Some people seem to go to bed for the sole purpose of having more leisure to worry, and they try to figure a way out when they should be resting. What else can they expect, but some nightmare? Try to clarify the mind, as much as possible, before you allow yourself to go to sleep. "There is no greater folly, than the folly of re-

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living past folly," so square yourself with the world as much as you can mentally, and prepare yourself for the coming morning when you are supposed to begin life anew and, upon all experiences of the past, build a new structure. A new castle each morning must eventually result in an almost perfect structure, and each time a constructive dream is experienced, you are sure to have better reasoning powers, finer mentality, and a greater conception of the situation in life that confronts you.

If it were possible to re-educate ourselves by using dreams during the sleeping hours to reconstruct our thoughts, and eventually our habits, we would in time become a super race of people. Some of our great manufacturers and business men possess these super minds, and there are a few at the present time who at least inaugurate most of their inventions during their sleeping hours. Two notable examples—Edison and Ford—are able on awaking from sleep, to write down what has been outlined in their subconscious minds while the conscious minds were resting. On one occasion recently, when these two friends were spending an

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afternoon together, a nap was proposed, and each reclined in a comfortable position. Upon awakening, each unfolded to the other what had been given to him by his subconscious mind. It was startling to say the least. Each confessed that almost all of his achievements had had birth during the sleeping hours. They have amply demonstrated that, "the land where dreamers dwell is recruiting ground for new ideas."

Who knows but what in some far-off planet there are those who have lived for countless ages, and are far in advance of those on the earth-plane. If that be true, some of our great ideas and thoughts may come from far-away worlds, and those who are serving as receiving stations here may tap these wires and serve our humanity better by bringing to us the ideas of those who have accumulated wisdom for long periods of time. "The dreamer seldom profits by his dream. The men who have power to think, express and act are simply the slaves of the dreamers."

Somewhere in this great out-of-doors, there is all knowledge and all wisdom, and as far as lies within the power of humanity

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to comprehend and collect data, we still endeavor to advance along the line of mental reasoning. It may be possible that we are not supposed to know all of the inner workings of the great Universe. If so, we will not be let into all secrets, but we feel that there are many yet to be unfolded to those who are able to gather them from the ether, as one would garner sheaves of grain in a field, or collect the sprinklings from the great fountain source where all secrets are held until released and showered upon mankind.

In mystical research the dividing line is dim,
Where falsehood ends and truth begins.

Visions En Route

*Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.*

NO writer can pen a novel without having first seen either in part or *in toto* the characters that later array themselves on the printed page, making so vivid a pictorial presentation as to seem to the reader to be alive before his very eyes. Surely Harriet Beecher Stowe had such an inspiration as she sketched the graphic outline of those characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with whom we have all rejoiced and wept. No less vivid, although allegorical, were the characters in "Pilgrim's Progress" to their imprisoned author. Many a reader has since shared with him the inspirational uplift that must have emanated from the very core of his being.

Writers must project themselves into the lives of the imaginary folk who people their books and must be on intimate terms with them, carrying on the conversations they credit them with having, and feeling, think-

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ing, doing and saying the very things that later, cause us, as readers, to be so absorbed as to be oblivious to time or place. The writer who can so translate us, is he who has caught the indrift of thought from an unnamed source, and is willing to share it with us.

'Tis said, "The public press mirrors public opinion and public taste," but a genuinely inspired book creates and fosters and nourishes finer public opinion and finer public taste. "True literature, like happiness, is ever a by-product; it is the song of one working," and "its chief charm, old or new, lies in its surprises, spontaneities, unexpectednesses."

All that is best in literature could be traced back to the time of some vision or insight, in fact I would go further and say that all best efforts have a like baffling origin. They would seem to be "the flashing of high thought to high thought." "Not from me, but through me, came this music," said Haydn, the great composer. With many of us it is "because we have thought little that we have manifested little."

Sometimes I think that we live too

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closely to the earth, that we draw too decided a line between what we are pleased to call the practical and the visionary; that if we used our mental strength sufficiently to rise above the small actualities that hold us prisoners here, and view ourselves from afar, as it were, that much that now looms large on our horizons would seem dwarfed and inconsequential. We would choose our stepping stones much more wisely, avoiding the cobble-stones that hurt or are insecure and ingloriously precipitate us into grief and embarrassments when we unknowingly tread upon them. There are so many of them beautifully arranged and securely imbedded in right principles in the steps that lead up to the perfect work of the Great Architect that there is not legitimate excuse for sidestepping into unreason. Instinctively we adore and worship the governing force without insisting upon knowing the "why" of it all, and that instinct, as it is developed, seems to be the stepping stone enabling man to rise from the primitive to the divine.

Even here there is danger of mistaking the genuine for an anomaly, believing it to be civilization in its higher forms. Do you

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agree with the man who had lived close to Nature and had evolved his own philosophy in this regard? Of him it was said, "He believed there was less profit for men in discovering new luxuries for an artificial civilization, than in rediscovering a few of the great laws and miracles buried in the dust of the past. He believed that the nearer we get to the beginning of things and not the further we drift, the clearer comprehension can we have of earth and sky and God, and the meaning of it all. His belief was that the patriarchs of life held a closer touch on the pulse of life, than progress in its present forms will ever bring to us." (Curwood).

To harmonize the forces of the entire world and its people is the greatest problem that faces us at the present day, and yet it is possible of achievement if we work on the correct hypothesis. If ever a millenium does come (and as surely as people are working upward, it must come,) the whole problem will be deciphered in a manner, that after all our digging and delving, will seem extremely simple. There will be no tangle of philosophic formulae, just the simple truth. It will revolve around the

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individual who has learned to live with himself by understanding himself, and with his neighbor because of toleration, sympathy and co-operation—cardinal virtues in the working out of any problem affecting others.

For the bringing in of the millenium, it would not be necessary for each man and woman to have the same viewpoint or the same religion or belief ; in fact that would be deadly. Each must remain individualistic, as in nature, where no two trees are exactly the same, nor the fibre in them running in the same lines. We should remember that we are the "freshmen," the "tenderfeet," that the trees and hills around us have prior claim. We are the intruders, and yet we are often the trouble-makers and the noisemakers. Have you ever wandered over the hills, then healthily tired at night slept in some remote spot where Nature, in her awesome stillness, seemed sacred and divine ? That, in itself, is a subtle suggestion that we too, should be peaceful and harmonious instead of with nerves atingle for the jangle of the city.

Our great naturalists tramp the woods, the deserts, hills and canyons; they live by

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the lakesides and they go with their eyes open and their ears atune to Nature's melodies and silences. Our great writers and painters drift off to the countryside or seashore, and out of the silences of the night and the beauties of the early dawn and late sunset, receive and pass on to us that which never fails to make its appeal to what we fittingly call our finer natures.

We rather incline to the belief that one who is obliged to live in the great open spaces has a decided advantage over one who has to rub elbows every day with his equally circumscribed fellowmen. The Indian boy is taken into the mountains and initiated into their wonders, and is taught to commune with the Great Spirit while on the mountain-top. It is deemed an essential part of his upbringing not a supplementary one. The philosophy of the Indian we may well study to our advantage. We have pushed him back from the choice land he owned before our intrusion and so-called discovery of America in 1492, and have thereby made it more difficult for him to get inspiration from the silent places. As a matter of fact, North America was inhabited for centuries before the white man ever

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re-discovered the land and ousted them who had legal rights, terming them savages because they showed their teeth in defense of their territories. Cave and cliff-dwellers ruled by the use of clubs and stones—an unrefined form of conquest—but when all is said and done, is ours much better, when by our disregard of Nature's teachings and considerateness, we operate along the line of "the survival of the fittest?" Sometimes it takes a man or woman half a century to triumph against that law, or to come under the caption of "fittest."

The soul with an all-comprehensive aim should grow younger by experience, should take on a new and wiser philosophy, and strive for longevity accompanied by good health. This is opening out before us as a less formidable feat, as years go on, and our knowledge grows apace. When one man can live to be a centenarian and still maintain all of his faculties, it is quite possible that one hundred men in the same community can do the same, providing they will not try to temporize with Nature's laws. These are not costly if adhered to, but have proven overly expensive when negatived.

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With all our medical advisers, of all therapeutic cults, we have not, as yet, conquered some of the simple ailments that spoil our little journey. When the great school is established, in which a long-suffering public will be taught how to be their own physicians, then we will have a race of people who will not need to suffer for a protracted period, for they will check their disorders at the very beginning. All that will be necessary is for them to conform, without cavil, to certain rules and laws that will be laid down by those vested with authoritative knowledge.

Life, after all, would be most simple, if we could only rearrange our work and doings. We will never have a strong race of people until we can get them to bed in good time. They may call it mediaeval, and may laugh in scorn at the one who, watching the evening shadows descend, appreciates the twilight as a heaven-sent signal that man should also go to rest, but "He laughs best who laughs last." There is no use in instructing man in the matters of good health or in the idea of longevity, if he is not willing to lead the simple life to attain either or both. If he wants to get

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more out of his life than an average life, let him add an hour to the fresh end of the day not the fagged end of it. "Sleep is a generous thief. She gives to vigor what she takes from time."

Our handicap, preventing us from doing these worthwhile things is only a mental one. We all have great visionary souls within us, some greater than others, because of the degree to which they have learned to overcome their handicap. We all have outbursts of inspiration that make us feel like kings and queens. Prosperity stirs up the best in some whom it favors, makes them wonderfully kind-hearted and generous, while on others it has the very opposite effect, causing them to lose their heads and become tyrannical. Differing results all spring from differing mental attitudes in this regard, as well as in regard to all our other relationships with our fellow-men, who, if they lack sunshine, are dependent on us who have learned how to grasp it and bask in it, and we dare not fail them. This radiation should extend round the whole earth, like one big glittering tie that binds.

Bridging the Gap

*Be great in Act as you
have been in thought.*

THOUSANDS of college graduates of the greatest universities in the land are working for men who have never had even a High School education. Why is this so? Occasionally we do find a sapient young man who falls into line immediately after graduation, starts at the bottom and works steadily up until he is on some official staff, but the majority of college men, when the time comes for them to fend for themselves, find that their hour of disillusionment has come, and they are in despair, while trying to get their bearings, studying and scheming to connect up their ambiguous learning with that of the practical world. They have been pushed out of the educational nest and have not yet learned to fly.

There is a vast difference between theory and practice, but we must never dissociate them or our own sagacity will be questioned. Our colleges with their fine courses

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turn out men whose erudition is to be envied, but who are without a trade, that is a practical workable trade. They know about many things in the abstract, but few in the concrete. Is it to be wondered at then that many of our thoughtful writers have not hesitated in stating that a young man would be much further ahead, materially speaking, if he would start in business for himself, or go work for someone else, after he has reached his early teens. It may be true that college training is insisted on by most employers, even by those who speak derisively of student apprentices, but who are broad enough to appreciate that theory as well as practice has its place. It is quite possible that the so-called "self-made" man may apply himself to even better purpose than the student, and though getting his knowledge piecemeal, as he goes through life, yet his will just as surely be a liberal education. True, he has missed the camaraderie of college life which is one of the bright spots of student days, but he has probably had other things to recompense him.

Some day our colleges will have connected with them, psychologists who will under-

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stand human nature sufficiently to analyse the student's mind so thoroughly and accurately that they will be able to give helpful advice on the line of work which the student wishes to pursue, solving the whole puzzling situation for him. To my mind that is one of the most essential things that will be introduced in the near future. Every boy I have ever known has a liking for some particular line of work. If one can overcome his disinclination to talk about it, one may find out much. His parents may not discern it and may try to force him into something diametrically opposed to what he has a natural inclination for. That is the tragedy of it all. No one can live another's life for him, then why try to superimpose one's ideas on that other? Subsequent events will probably prove that the will to decide best for oneself is innate in each of us. The market is already glutted with misfits or those looking for fat concessions. Why add to the list?

Unnumbered thousands to-day have hidden talents that need only to be unearthed to display the finest of wares, but buccaneering methods won't do it. When a boy shows a tendency towards drawing

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cartoons or sketches, it is well to develop that talent. If he cares to write, encourage him. If he wants to take clocks and machines apart, let him find out for himself just how they are made. If he wants to explore, let him go, but admonish him to travel with his eyes open. Nature endows us with an instinct that is selective, and if this were allowed free rein we would not find so many who are improvident all through their lives, because they are more bewildered than enlightened by what they have been taught out of a book, or have not persevered to do the thing they could do.

Suppose a boy does learn a trade, then finds out later that he can progress more rapidly along a different line. The trade that he has learned is not spurious knowledge, in fact I am a great believer in Elbert Hubbard's theory, that any real man should have at least five trades or vocations. Gifted with all of the senses, and sense, with which Nature has endowed us, no man should be guilty of having only one trade or calling. He needs at least a second one to serve the purpose of a diverting hobby, if nothing else.

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With countless seconds, minutes and hours to spend, it is quite possible for any young man who is at all alert and gifted, to learn several interchangeable trades, which he can depend on in case of some accident that may render him partially incapacitated.

How we mortals do flounder if we are jostled out of our routine a bit ! How few of us can even change a pencil from the right hand to the left and still write a decipherable letter ! Yet this is a simple procedure, and if a child were encouraged, or even allowed to follow his natural inclination during his school days, he would find that ambidexterity was a most simple proposition after all. Later on in life, in case of an injury or stroke, should one hand be rendered useless, he could at once take up his work with the other hand, in fact, I subscribe to the idea that the ambidextrous man is the least susceptible to strokes. It is the constant straining of mental tissues on one side of the brain, in using one hand only, that tires that brain to the extent that it becomes in time almost useless. Changing the hand in writing or in any particular work, will rest one hemisphere

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of the brain sufficiently that one does not overtax the cells on that side. Yet a teacher will sometimes punish a child when he finds he is using his left hand instead of his right. I know some very clever people who can write with either hand, and find it a relief to do so, not a taxation.

But to return to the subject of graduates —some cocksure graduates consider themselves high-priced men right from the start, and seek positions worthy of their alma mater and themselves, so they say. They patronize the capitalistic interests, but such is the perversity of human nature, that the "interests" do not appreciate them, so with chastened spirits, they get down to "brass tacks" and find the duress of student days was child's play, to wresting one's laurels in the competitive rush of trade.

A well-trained mind is the best mascot one could have, enabling the young chap who is wise enough to plant his foot firmly on the first rung of the ladder, to climb up about ten times as fast as the one who lacks training. That is the mission of our colleges, and while this is not meant for any denunciation of their methods, yet we say they are remiss in this one point only, that

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is, each student should be given practical tuition as well as the theoretical knowledge he is imbibing from day to day. Then we will find that young men who have shown sufficient will power and stick-to-itiveness to work their way through college, will almost immediately be rewarded by being placed in positions for which their all-round skilled training has fitted them, and will not feel, as some do to-day, that they rue the spending of so many precious years in learning what someone else had found out, instead of finding out something for themselves.

Potentialities unguessed will fan to life the flickering flame of inventive and constructive thought ; not realizing this, there are graduates who become discouraged, and feel that they have made a fiasco of things, that their lives are of no moment. What they need is an application of practical psychology. A talk by the right kind of man, one who has been "through the mill", therefore, one whose utterances would have weight, both in theory and practice, could give to graduating classes such a clear definition of what life really means, that they would never forget it.

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While emphasizing the fact that college training is of the greatest value, he would not put emphasis in the wrong place and over-emphasis not at all, but would stress application and originality as making for fine citizenship. Thus equipped our graduate would enter nonchalantly on his career, and more likely make it a meteoric one than if he had been impeded by the fallacy of only theory being important.

A few years ago a graduate of one of our Eastern universities was found among the Eskimos, attired in the garb of those who live in the Land of the Midnight Sun, and living almost on their level. There is no doubt but what he was the best trained man in the North, but what did that avail him? He appreciated intelligently the great phenomena of the aurora borealis; the charted heavens were familiar to him, and yet he could not connect up that one link which holds, or should hold, theory and practice together. If that link is missing, a man is nothing but a theorist. He is of no particular value to himself or to mankind in general. He wanders mentally and gets nowhere.

A great self-made man, stated a few years

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ago that he could hire the best brains of the country and not have to pay high prices either, and he has practically done so. He is richer than Croesus ever was, and there are in his employ any number of men, some doing only servile tasks, who are good English scholars and who could accomplish almost any big mental task if they but thought they could. Is it that they are paying the penalty of being lackadaisical, or of having wool-gathering wits, or is it because they have been apparently balked on every hand as they have tried the exploitation of their knowledge, and have lost heart?

Some men just naturally have what we call initiative; they think inventively. They know how to connect up fast. Every way they turn they make an observation, and eventually their efforts spell out the word "success." Other men continue year after year without ever seeming to have a new thought or idea, or if they have, they keep it to themselves, and put it to no great use. Surely not a day goes by but new ideas come to the one who is mentally alert, new at least to him. Thoughts come and go so quickly. Ideas do not linger and are hard

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to recall. Why not jot them down at once, then looking them over a second time may impress one more deeply than did the original thought, when first it registered itself on the brain.

Men with international minds never travel anywhere without making observations, which makes it interesting to hear them talk or lecture when they return. They know how to connect up—how to bridge the gap. The world is to them an undulating surface of hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, blue skies, fogs or sunshine, and not one item of this physical geography but makes a profound impression on their minds. They realize that, on every hand are Nature's forces ready to be harnessed and utilized *ad lib.* These great men revere Nature who spreads her feast of good and wise things for their appraisal and utilization. They cause the energy of the moving waters of a river that has been flowing unchecked for a thousand or a million years, to light a distant city. They retain in a reservoir, by a dam scientifically built, the water that has been converted by the sun from melting snows, and lo, water is to hand that will supply a million people.

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They see in everything moving a power to be held captive, then released at man's will. They see that all the forces in Nature are for some purpose and that anything outside of lightning and tornado can be controlled, and even they may be brought into subjection some day.

The same principle of utilization is applied by the engineer, who travelling over a state or territory of virgin soil sees immediately the possibilities of vast improvements by the fertilizing of barren areas, or the diversion of water that will convert a parched wilderness into a paradise, of which the beautiful valley around Salt Lake City is but one example. It took pioneer-spirited men with far-sighted vision to cross the plains, locate in lands where Indians held undisputed ownership, and fight their way to establish settlements which now have multiplied so rapidly that the time is not far distant when the entire western slope will be almost one continuous city. There is still a possibility that some genius will dream a dream for the reclamation of the great desert to the east of California, and convert it into a perfectly irrigated paradise. If the swollen waters of the Mississippi could

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be diverted, "the desert places would blossom like a rose," and low-lying plantations adjacent to her would not dread her annual springtime rampages.

There is opportunity for engineering skill, in fact never was there a time when a young man had greater opportunities for bridging the gap between the thought and the deed, than right now. Let him not dread the work entailed, but develop a penchant for deep thinking and intensive labor. The end of the road for him will be the unmitigated pleasure in work well done.

Again I say this citation of facts must not be taken as derogatory to our present institutions of learning, but rather to our own predilection for staying only in a beaten path, when certain things our forefathers did, still seem good enough, whereas we need a better grasp of life's possibilities, and young men would simply clamor to get through college in order that they might be fitted to go out into the world and help develop it.

We sometimes think that North America is well developed. Why, its development has just begun ! Only fifty years ago the

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central part of it was just being pioneered, and the Far West seemed far away indeed. We have merely scratched the surface of our unlimited resources. The onus of pointing out the way to our further progress is upon our more mature shoulders. Our graduates are they who should go West and North and in every direction, using their own yardstick to bridge the gap.

We should be allowed to move
freely from the life we were
born to, to the one Nature
fitted us for.

Mental Skylines

Get knowledge all you can, and the more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer heights their invigorating air and enjoy the widening prospect, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled.

AS no man has been known to evolve any great principles based on downward thinking, I would suggest for your inspiration the idea of a mental skyline and its changing contour and receding boundaries, shot here and there by rays of bright shining thoughts, even as the aurora borealis flashes its light in the dome of heaven.

While the skyline is an optical illusion in its true relationship between earth and sky, yet no one, not even he of a scoffing mind, can observe a skyline without feeling its transforming appeal, without feeling reverence for the Hand that has wrought the earth and sky and incorporated them into an awesome picture. Do you who had lived inland many years, remember your thrill when first you stood on the shores of an ocean or one of our vast lakes, and saw the

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masts of the distant vessels slip over the curve of the world and out of sight? Do you who had lived always on the level prairies, remember how awestruck you were when you first visited a mountainous country, and their majestic bulk loomed up before you, and cut off your vision "like cardboard castles cut with a jagged knife?" Did it equal your thrill at what you saw when first you stood with bated breath on the brink of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and looked twelve miles across that vast chasm and one mile downwards? That is an experience one never forgets, the valley scene spread out before one's feasting eyes, by which one may be regaled to his heart's content!

Are there not thousands of lovers of out-of-doors, who envy the cowboy when he dons his sombrero and saddles his steed for the day? If he will, he may catch a vision that will expand his mental, as well as his physical view. We can well imagine that he does not always see eye to eye with some of our artists, who do not draw their outlines nor mix their paints with a view to portraying Nature's beauties as the cowboy sees them.

MENTAL SKYLINES

To-day, when everyone is interested in the development of the mental side of man, in raising it to a new and higher level, there seems to be greater and more urgent need for pointing out the way to a wider and all-comprehensive outlook. I say advisedly, that we have not yet seen the full importance of developing visualization in the mind of the child, or giving him an extending skyline that will lead him out and on, over the plains, the hills, the oceans, to all peoples, in all conditions and circumstances, and of varied traits and characters. No one man can do it so that it will be adaptable to the minds of all peoples, but each can do his little part by helping to push back the mental skyline of those of circumscribed vision. Each in his own way can elevate another's subterranean thoughts, and the vision of extended horizon that he will get, will be as the bursting forth of a beautiful butterfly from the confining quarters of the chrysalis. No one can see beyond his horizon, but he can advance that horizon many points each day that he applies himself.

The skyline is an inspirational point, pointing ever up-wards. Were it possible to keep this in mind, we would be a more

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optimistic race of people; we would build structures as yet undreamed of; our thoughts would soar on and up until the spirit in our body would be of greater value than the body itself. Most people seem to dwell more in the body than in the spirit, and we will not progress to any great extent until this particular condition is reversed. We accomplish things or make progress only when the spirit takes the lead. The spirit housed in the body may project from its windows, which we call the eyes, to clarify our vision and give us each day a new skyline, more brilliant because of additional information and enlarged viewpoints.

We live by our reasonings, and we are intelligent according to our application of them. The variation in our lines of vision depends upon our training for seeing, and upon a peculiar arrangement in the brain that allows for expansion and projection. Some people may be more imaginative than others, but a good imagination is not all that is necessary in order to gain a proper vision with a true perspective. It often takes only one word or one note to start up a whole retinue of ideas that may change an entire day, or even a lifetime, and one

MENTAL SKYLINES

flash of exaltation penetrating the mind may cause a harmonious vibration of any number of brain cells that link up and co-ordinate sufficiently to make out of a single primary thought, a marvellous and never-to-be-forgotten picture on the mental screen.

"The understanding of any subject makes us master of it." There are men whose mental skyline, or viewpoint, is so boundless and unobscured that the entire earth is to them a panoramic picture. They familiarize themselves with the east and the west, the north and the south, so thoroughly that they are known and recognized in all parts of the world, and by means of lectures and memoirs make the beauties and immensities more real to us. They cause our mental horizons to recede further and further, until we too are sharing in the pleasure and profit of the larger prospect. They are our look-outs, our sentinels whom we deputize to gather up the verities for us, since we cannot go abroad ourselves. We need not suffer mental privation as long as we have such far-seers and are willing to listen to them. They are our liberators who take us away from narrow-gauge thinking up

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on to the pinnacles of high thoughts, and show us how illogical we are when we say we have no opportunity of being anything else than middle-class intellectually. They show us the expulsive power of a new thought, a new affection, and are ready to share with us the joy of emergence from narrow perception. They bring to us a semi-ready product of generalities, and it is up to us to weld together the fine points, which are indissolubly linked with a mental upheaval and that progress which appertains to it.

Genius

There have been as great souls unknown to Fame as any of the most famous.

MANY a child who seems to be slated for marvellous things, and is early referred to as a prodigy, never arrives, or at least the world loses track of him, and that does not often happen in the case of a genuine marvel. The minds of men who have risen above everything and given to the world marvels in music, invention, engineering, chemistry and so forth, cannot be held down by any physical force with which we are familiar, no more than can the wind and the waves be stopped in their flight. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "Genius is like the spurting fountain that seems to be going against the law of gravitation."

An entity in the genius world belongs to the elite, no matter how encumbered he may be in the workaday world by the barnacles of caste prejudice. Ideas come to him as a needle to a magnet. His ideas are potent, and can transport him to the "Seats of the mighty" in the twinkling of an eye. In-

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spiration is an unknown quantity of unknown quality, a guiding star that shines for the soul of him who can most perfectly reflect its brilliance.

When we acknowledge that the genius is one who is connected with higher power and lives in a little world of his own, we have conceded the foundation of the great principle that makes one man tower mentally head and shoulders above his fellowmen. The energy and endurance he possesses come from outside sources, but are nevertheless existent and very real to him, as he works on hour after hour thrilled and exhilarated by the working out of his enigma, or the creating of something the world needs or admires, far more than he is by the plaudits of the crowd, which may follow his tireless efforts and deep concentration. He has found "his place in the sun" and that is the zenith of his ambition. It does not seem the wonderful thing to him that it does to the ordinary thinker, for he believes that "the most scientific and effective is generally the obvious and natural." You may question him as to the why and wherefore of his discovery, and his modest reply may be that, "The most important things in life

GENIUS

are not proved, they are simply revealed to us." "Truth is the thing that experiment proves," but truth was there all the time.

Possibly a genius is no happier than any other earnest worker, but he is specially privileged in that he lives in a world all his own, a soul apart, and that wherever you may place him he is guided and surrounded in a way that the ordinary man knows nothing of. Who would dare say that great musicians do not possess relationship with those in the song world over Yonder, those who in their time entertained their thousands of people. Someone has said, "Talent is often to be envied and genius very often to be pitied," but one of the consolations of being a genius is in having the choicest of friends, both seen and unseen. His social circle is wider than the measure of man's mind.

Great men are seldom appreciated by their contemporaries, but are more often looked upon skeptically because of their dual-mindedness, so things must be evened up for them in some way.

It is said, "The philosopher gets his track by observation. The genius trusts to his inner sense, and makes the straighter and swifter

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line." The fine things of literature are not formulated as the result of any ordinary school education, but are handed down, by ministering angels, as gifts of the great University of thought. Only a genius can tune in and connect up with higher things sufficiently to hear the gentle voices that express themselves in day dream or subconscious night dream, bearing the unmistakable stamp of mentalities whose substance is not of earth.

"Every new idea has had to be crucified before it could be worshipped. Men's greatest enemies are their own closed minds." (Bruce Barton). The mind alone, has its limitations, but in collusion with its feeders, the organs of sense, and with the soul, man can tune in on higher vibrations and permit them to pass the portals of the mind. Only then can he accomplish the great things that astound and startle the world. The normal mind alone, no matter how romantic its quality, deals only with what we are taught in our homes, our schools and in our colleges, and in the school of experience. We are considered perfectly normal when we can come up to man's prescribed standards, but a genius is

GENIUS

a genius because his soul simply refuses to be hedged about, but will break all bonds of time and place and circumstance. When it comes to that, none of us are rationalists—we cannot give out a reason for everything, it is often too deep down.

Would you be surprised or thrilled or panicky if someone were to reveal to you that genius is within you? Push back your mental skyline and see what lies beyond what you had always thought was the limit of your horizon.

The Great University

Let us strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennable, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

IN every age, regardless of race, creed or philosophy, mankind has ever entertained a longing for something that he has never quite been able to grasp. No people are so uneducated nor so uncivilized as to dwell together without some sort of longing, call it a belief, religion, creed or dogma, whatever you will and until the masses or the individual is satisfied that he has a belief worth while, this longing will persist.

Man naturally must worship something. He must feel convinced that he is putting forth an attempt to justify himself for his existence. The crude ceremonies of the Indians, on their various festive occasions, mean just as much to them as the spectacular pageants of the people of China and Japan. People must be satisfied that they are paying tribute or worshiping something that is greater than they, in order to round out the full purpose of their lives.

THE GREAT UNIVERSITY

In the higher realms of intelligence, supposedly corresponding with the white race of people, we find a greater variety of beliefs and yet a more concentrated or co-ordinated vision of what constitutes the real form of a worshipful attitude. Once a person is convinced that his place is with a certain religious sect or body of people, he finds it less difficult to go about his duties and conform to certain standards that are set up by the leaders of these.

When you consider that there are hundreds of religious orders, societies and sects, with confusing divergence of demonstrations and ceremonies, and each one feeling he has the one and only true belief, do you not feel that you want to possess no more than a simple faith that will outpicture itself in right living? This testimony was given of one such, that "his character could be summed up in simpleness and gentleness, in honor and clean mirth."

All religions are supposed to point one upward and in so doing they make reference to some great over-ruling Spirit. Man's mental sky-line recedes or closes in, according to his viewpoint on this matter, for he feels when praying for strength and wisdom

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there must be, somewhere, either far or near, a great Fountainhead or Source of knowledge.

Possibly no two people have exactly the same vision or viewpoint about this great University, as I shall term it, but it does exist, it must exist, or civilization would not progress as it has during the past centuries in the matter of the development of the human intellect which enables one man to become a renowned philosopher and another a reformer or great religious leader with his millions of followers.

To realize that we have but tapped the knowledge that may yet be known is to create a craving for more knowledge and a desire to attain a height of learning that is beyond anything that has been known thus far in the history of man. At times we may seem devoid of thinking power, may seem dull and obtuse, yet there are other days and occasions when it seems as if the entire world in which we live were an open book, and that, had we but a little better vision, we could peer out into the great unknown, and fathom the unfathomable. If the human mind could be trained along these lines for a period of years, what

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mighty things could be accomplished! Then it would not be our lament that "the hills we should have climbed are not always ascended and the high peaks that we dreamed of scaling in our visionary days, are still standing majestically unburdened or ungraced by our mental presence".

When once this world has been conquered by man so far as exploration can do it, it will be easier for the mind to reach out to the worlds that are practically yet unknown, and if it becomes possible in the far-away future for men to build reflecting telescopes, it will bring those planets near to us and enable us to determine whether they are inhabited or not. Nothing but actual seeing will give us a comprehensive conception of the overpowering immensity of worlds and space. We hear of adventurous souls attempting to build machinery to fly to the moon and of other propositions that seem equally far-fetched and irrational. To those who are earth-bound and who are content with earth's beauty spots, this seems a foolish waste of time and energy, a useless undertaking fraught with danger to life and limb.

But man should conquer his own self

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before attempting world conquest. What we need most of all to learn at the present time is how best to adjust ourselves to conditions here as we find them. If we have sufficient time and to spare, it is well and good for us that we begin at once drawing from the great Storehouse, knowledge that will enable us to be of still greater service to mankind. Let us bear in mind that the leaders of the future may be those who will become so thoroughly imbued with information from this great University that our economic problems will be solved for the first time known to the human race.

There is no need to gather knowledge unless we can put it to good use. Tapping the great unknown to secure new ideas would be fruitless unless they pertain to the needs of the throngs that dwell in our cities and are scattered over the plains and hills on the face of the earth. That is the first and greatest proposition that confronts us. We must solve the problem of how to live; how to keep well; and how to satisfy every human being that he is here for some specific purpose with ability to fulfil that purpose, as yet undiscovered as it may be.

Pilgrims

*This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above.*

PILGRIMS—whither bound? That we do not know, nor for how long we may be permitted to travel with our fellows. No destination marked on our ticket—no time limit—no guarantee against physical and moral shipwreck and disease, if we do not obey rules and regulations—sometimes little choice of travelling companions and of our environs—all just pilgrims bound for a promised Land of peace and plenty! So much is done for us while we march that our task would seem to be just a matter of keeping in step, but so many of us sidestep or lag that the march is broken up into segments of those who will, in the lesser or greater degree, consider the aptitudes and difficulties of others alongside, weighted down by impedimenta that fickle fate has imposed.

Some who love peace and quiet, tire of the noisome melee among fellow pilgrims.

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Others who have reposed a trust in a leader, only to find he was a hoax, are almost inclined to fall out of line through dwindling faith. Some think they should be in the vanguard, because of pedigree; some because of wealth, but "Noble character is superior to all accident of birth or wealth." I well remember listening to the harangue of a fellow traveller—a judge—who, returning from a holiday in the north, was berating the porter because pullman reservation had not been made for him. Seeing that the stolid porter was evidently not impressed with his importance, the judge said, "Do you know who I am?" and the philosophical darkey replied in his Southern drawl, "Mistah, up in dis country it makes no diffance who yo' are—one man's jus' as good as anothah!" It is unlikely that the judge will ever forget the lesson he learned that day, that, although holding a very high position in officialdom, yet in the great northern country a man's measure is taken according to the way he acts.

Up there they take their cue from Nature who does not particularize; she pays scant regard to class and caste and high position; she yields impartially to all man-

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kind, her treasures and her blight. In her own realm it is the same,—the sturdy oak, the lone mountain peak, the rippling lake, the wafting breeze, the bright flowers, each in its own class, yet each woven into the general scheme of things as a perfect landscape.

There is nothing desultory in the order of things; no difficulty insuperable; no trouble but what can be assuaged; nothing at variance but what unanimity may be brought about; no outworn ideas but what new ones are ready to take their place; no melancholy retrospect but what can receive its burnishing; no renunciation but what may receive its reward; no getting out of step inadvertently without someone to help; no bearing of an onerous load over-long without someone to share it, or to incite fortitude; no upgrade march without the impetus of fresh ideals, companionships or strength.

We are steadily journeying onward, even when we feel we are merely marking time, and are either leading in the march, or are being led triumphantly, or driven ignominiously. Under false leadership we may be headed in the wrong direction, but we are

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moving unmistakably. We may be driven into the wrong road where "no trespassing" signs flaunt their unheeded warning, but still we march on. So much depends upon the instigations of our leaders and of our drivers, for we always have in every community a single-minded detachment that need to be driven, that need to be propelled and urged and impelled a little farther and a little farther by each one with whom they come in contact. They are troubled with mental fixation, and only someone fired with enthusiasm can keep them on the move, and even he is often accused of having "an axe to grind" or an ulterior motive to exploit.

Retrogression is on a par with decomposition. A pilgrim must substantiate his claim to advancement or be forgotten. We should employ songs in our pilgrimage to cheer us onward. No day should start without a tuning-up process from within. It is a truism that we receive reflex benefit from our prayers and good wishes for others. It is in our own minds that there must originate the fires of imagination and anticipation for the great and good things for all. The *joie de vivre*, and the joy of

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the march in a pilgrim's soul will quickly communicate itself to others. His cheerfulness is contagious. No man can go whistling down the street or humming a tune, without doing good to some passerby. No man can go cheerfully about his work without reflecting his greatness upon others. "Smile and you will see its beautiful reflection in other's faces."

We may give the highest award to concentration and the strenuosities of business and workshop, underrating the seemingly simple things, but it is really the pilgrim with the song, the word of cheer, the whistle or the hum, who does the rest of the pilgrims the greatest amount of good, in fact, no one could ever approximate his worth to his fellow travellers.

There are those who go here and there entertaining their thousands by music or lecture or impersonation, and we find pilgrims whose lives have changed completely because they have come into contact with these great souls who had talents to be used, and they used them.

I rather think the pilgrim idea is good psychology. We need not only to "live in a house by the side of the road to be a friend

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to man," but also to walk with the man in the road whose pilgrimage troubles we would be quite unaware of, if we saw them only from our sheltered roadside homes. Like dust-laden flowers, pilgrims wilt and wither in the glare of the sun, if they are not refreshed by kindness. Many a woe-begone traveller remembers what the "cup of cold water" meant to him; just how golden the milestones have seemed ever since he found a friend. No pilgrim can be truly happy unless sharing the load of another in the march.

There is a designation for you, unknown to you, that will never be revealed. There is something on the tapis for you always that you will not divine until it comes alongside. That is ultra vires for each individual, but each can make his journey infinitely more pleasant by early realizing that all are pilgrims, and that others equally eager to place the best foot forward are in the line of march. We know that whether we keep in step with other pilgrims or not, we have our line of march, though varied it may be, and that the worth of our song, goodwill, cheer and optimism depends upon how kindly and observant we are, and what

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faith we possess in the Generalissimo of all pilgrims.

I shall pass this way but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.



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